

Ballou, Belle

1928

Contemporary Tendencies in Poetry.

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Thesis
1928
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BOSTON UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

Thesis

CONTEMPORARY TENDENCIES IN POETRY

Submitted by

Belle Ballou

(B.S., Boston University, 1923)

In partial fulfilment of requirements for
the degree of Master of Education

1928.

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PART II. THE NEW ERA IN POETRY

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CHAPTER III

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Modern Poetry

Something unborn---not yet come forth---different from
that now formulated in any verse, or contributed by the past in
any land---something craved---and--unexpressed---it will probably
have to prove itself, by itself and the readers---one thing---
it must include entire humanity---all lands like a divine thread--
all beads, pebble or gold---from God and the soul, and like God's
dynamics and sunshine, illuminating all, and having reference to all.

Let me not dare here, or anywhere, for my own purposes
or any purposes, to attempt the definition of poetry, nor answer
the question what it is. Like religion, love, nature, while those
terms are indispensable, and we all give a sufficiently accurate
meaning to them, in my opinion, no definition has ever been made,
which sufficiently encloses the name of Poetry.

WALT WHITMAN

Modern Poetry

Sometimes, indeed, not only is the same thing
that has been said in any other, or contributed by the same in
any form, but the same thing, and the same thing, and the same thing,
have to be said, by itself, and the same thing, and the same thing,
it must include the same thing, and the same thing, and the same thing,
all things, both of them, and the same thing, and the same thing,
the same thing, and the same thing, and the same thing, and the same thing,
Let us not dare to say, or anywhere, but we can say
or any other, to which the definition of poetry, and the
the question that is in. Like religion, love, nature, and the like
things are indeterminate, and we all give a different answer
according to them, in my opinion, no definition has ever been made,
which will satisfy everyone the name of poetry.

THE END

Chapter 1

Introductory

- 1--The natural and universal appeal of Poetry.
- 2--Its periodic appearance throughout the ages.
- 3--Its relation to the Values of Life.
 - A--Adventure---sense of power
 - B--Attraction for the opposite sex
 - C--The search for wealth
 - D--The influence of Nature
 - E--The love of beauty
 - F--The Innate "urge" for religion
- 4--Method of approach to, and understanding of poetry .
Its peculiar application to the poetry of to-day.
- 5--A rapid survey of the origin and growth of poetry.
 - A--Early Hebrew Poetry
 - a--Its present-day values
 - b--Its eternal values
 - B--The beauty of Greek poetry and of Virgil.
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of present-day schools
 - C--Whitby---Its gift to us
The analogy between the birth of poetry
and the birth of the Christian religion.
 - D--The great poetry of the New Testament.
 - E--Chaucer---Our first recognized English poet.
 - F--The progress of the growth of poetry to the
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=====

Chapter 11

The Revolt in Poetry.

- 1--Walt Whitman and Alfred Tennyson--A Contrast
 - A--Contemporaries in England and America
 - B--The Georgian Poets
 - 1--Their tenets
 - 2--Their relation to Whitman and Henley
 - 3--Predecessors of the Imagists.
- 2--The Appearance of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass".
 - A--Aims--
 - 1--Democracy
 - 2--Nationalism
 - 3--AMERICANISM

Introduction

- 1--The natural and universal appeal of poetry.
- 2--The poetic appearance throughout the ages.
- 3--The relation to the V-lives of life.
 - A--Advantage--ness of power
 - B--Attraction for the opposite sex
 - C--The reason for wealth
 - D--The influence of nature
 - E--The love of beauty
 - F--The "mystic" urge for religion
- 4--Method of approach to, and understanding of, poetry.
Its peculiar application to the poetry of the past.
- 5--A rapid survey of the origin and growth of poetry.
 - A--Early history of poetry
 - B--The progress of poetry
 - C--The present value
- 6--The beauty of Greek poetry and of Latin.
The influence of Greek poetry on the English.
The influence of Latin poetry on the English.
- 7--The history of the English language.
The analogy between the history of the English language and the history of the English nation.
- 8--The great poetry of the English language.
- 9--The history of the English language.
The progress of the growth of poetry in the English language.

The Revival of Poetry

- 1--The revival of poetry in the English language.
 - A--The revival of poetry in the English language
 - B--The revival of poetry in the English language
 - C--The revival of poetry in the English language
 - D--The revival of poetry in the English language
 - E--The revival of poetry in the English language
 - F--The revival of poetry in the English language
- 2--The appearance of the English language in the English language.
- 3--The appearance of the English language in the English language.
- 4--The appearance of the English language in the English language.
- 5--The appearance of the English language in the English language.
- 6--The appearance of the English language in the English language.
- 7--The appearance of the English language in the English language.
- 8--The appearance of the English language in the English language.
- 9--The appearance of the English language in the English language.

PART 11.

Chapter 1

CHANGES IN TECHNIQUE

- 1--Conversational
 - 2--Free Verse
 - 3--Less blank verse
 - 4--Tendency to use much less rhyme
 - 5--Old Greek strophe revived
 - 6--Polyphonic verse
 - 7--Trite words dropped
 - 8--All formal words dropped
 - 9--Short, pertinent words used.
 - 10--Organic rhythm pronounced
 - 11--Foot by syllable metre less frequent
 - 12--Variety and structure experimental
 - 13--Technique as varied as the individual
 - 14--"Rocking Horse" couplet less used.
- A few revert to Pope & Dryden

Chapter 11.

SOME OTHER CONSIDERATIONS.

STYLE

- 1--Spontaneous
- 2--Emotional (tenderness--sympathy--pathos)
- 3--Dramatic
- 4--Lyrical
- 5--Brief
- 6--Effervescent
- 7--Experimental
- 8--Unpolished
- 9--Democratic
- 10--Superficial
- 11--Conversational
- 12--Suggestive

SOUND

EMPHASIZED---Great care in choice of symbols
to articulate the thought.

SINCERITY

- 1--Replaces formalism
- 2--Replaces the didactic
- 3--Frankness
- 4--Plain language---few frills
- 5--Religious---(indirectly by suggestion)
- 6--Simplicity--key note of Sincerity.

CHAPTER 11

1--Introduction

2--The

3--The

4--The

5--The

6--The

7--The

8--The

9--The

10--The

11--The

12--The

CHAPTER 12

12

1--The

2--The

3--The

4--The

5--The

6--The

7--The

8--The

9--The

10--The

13

1--The

14

1--The

2--The

3--The

4--The

5--The

PART 11

Chapter 111

STILL FURTHER ASPECTS OF THE NEW POETRY.

1---SOURCES (See Bibliography)

2---THE VARIOUS TYPES OF POETS

- A--The Conservatives
- B--The Radicals
- C--The "Indifferent" group

3---THE AMOUNT OF THE NEW POETRY

- A--Anthologies
- B--Magazine Verse
- C--Individual Poets

4---Emphasis on the SONNET

5---THE EVIDENT INTEREST OF THE CHILDREN

- A--Poetry for Children
- B--Poetry by Children
 - Hilda Conkling
 - Nathalia Crane
 - (Child prodigies.)

6---CREATIVE WORK IN THE SECONDARY SCHOOLS
AND THE COLLEGES.

7---THE PURPOSE OF POETRY

- A--To inspire and sustain
- B--To stimulate the imagination
- C--To instruct
- D--To entertain.

8---DOES THE PRESENT POETRY MEET
THE ACID TEST?

- A--Humanity's endless need---God.

9---RELIGION EMPHASIZED THROUGH
SUGGESTION= No direct moralizing.

10---DOES THE POETRY REFLECT THE TIMES?

- A--Its analogy to the "Jazz" and the "sky-scrapers"---the one, useless, the other, useful.
- B--Its analogy to the "Cubists" and the "Impressionists" in painting.

11---Its possibility of survival.

- A--Does it show superficiality or real growth?
- B--Whose, if any, is apt to live and why?
- C--Is its trend towards religion or the reverse?

Some Other Considerations(Con.)

BREVITY

Few stanzas
few lines to the stanza

BEAUTY

Much emphasis on.

NATIONALISM

Emphasis on democracy

EXTERNAL NATURE

We are living in an age of
SCIENCE

LOVE OF ANIMALS

A wholesome tendency stressed

SEX

Emphasized more than heretofore .
(Due to war conditions)

MOODS

Due to subjectivity of the times

HUMOR

Not much in evidence save in
verse for and by children.
Pathos of war still to the fore .

SUBJECT MATTER

Of all kinds.
1---Still much respect for the
elemental subjects---life,
love, children religion, and
death.
2---Emphasis on things of world
about us.
3---Subject matter more static
than style.

HAPPINESS IN THE PRESENT.

A very marked tendency.

PERSONALITY.

The "Individual", pre-eminent-
ly the objective in all
teaching to-day---hence in
poetry.

REMARKS

The speaker
The time is the same.

REMARKS

Such remarks are.

REMARKS

Remarks on remarks.

REMARKS

It is living in an age of
change.

REMARKS

A statement of the speaker
The speaker is the speaker
(The in the speaker)

REMARKS

On the subject of the

REMARKS

Not only is evidence
The speaker is the speaker
The speaker is the speaker

REMARKS

1--The speaker is the speaker
2--The speaker is the speaker
3--The speaker is the speaker
4--The speaker is the speaker
5--The speaker is the speaker
6--The speaker is the speaker
7--The speaker is the speaker
8--The speaker is the speaker
9--The speaker is the speaker
10--The speaker is the speaker

REMARKS

A very short statement

REMARKS

The speaker is the speaker
The speaker is the speaker
The speaker is the speaker
The speaker is the speaker
The speaker is the speaker

PART 11

12---How are the poets of to-day liable to influence
the poets of to-morrow?

- A--Strong tendencies will live
- B--Weak tendencies will disappear
- C--New tendencies , weak and strong,
liable to appear.

13---The JOY AND VALUE OF POETRY
TO THE UNDERSTANDING MIND.

- A--What we shall get from poetry de-
pends on what we are able to take
to it.

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Chapter 1V

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION.

PART 11

FROM MARSHALL STEAD THOMSON

THE WALT WHITMAN

PERIOD.

Page 11

12--The word "the" is not used in the title of the poem of the poem.

13--The word "the" is not used in the title of the poem of the poem.
14--The word "the" is not used in the title of the poem of the poem.
15--The word "the" is not used in the title of the poem of the poem.
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19--The word "the" is not used in the title of the poem of the poem.
20--The word "the" is not used in the title of the poem of the poem.

THE END OF THE WORLD

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THE END OF THE WORLD

CHAPTER I

PART I

FROM EARLIEST TIMES THROUGH
THE WALT WHITMAN
PERIOD.

PART I

FROM EARLIEST TIMES THROUGH

THE WILD WESTERN

PERIOD.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

No statement was ever truer than that the world was writ to music. In approaching a subject such as "Contemporaneous Tendencies in Poetry", one must of necessity go back through the ages to find a setting for the picture which warrants such an outpouring of the thoughts and feelings as man still resorts to in finding satisfaction for self-expression of all those mental attitudes about the here and the hereafter of mankind that have been sung to us century after century in varying forms and rhythms, and which, while Nature is true to herself, must ever, while the world moves on, be sung by all posterity.

What is poetry? How did it originate? What are its tools? What is its purpose? How shall we measure its progress, and what are its values for us?, that it so persistently makes itself an integral factor in our lives generation after generation? Is our present-day poetry apt to live and give its message to the next generation? If so, what is there about it that will make this inevitable, and if not, what are the tendencies that do not make for strength? These are a few of the questions that come flooding into the mind as we see about us limitless numbers of books of poetry, books on poetry, and all the biographies and criticisms on the poets themselves.

So great a philosopher as Herbart has said that poetry is one of the two fountains of education, for, as he adds, "The charm of the true, like the charm of the good and the beautiful, is the chief principle of education." We must remember that the really important element in poetry lies in what it suggests, rather than in what it actually says.

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are the tendencies that do not make for strength? There are
a few of the questions that come flooding into the mind as we
see about us limitless numbers of books of poetry, books on
poetry, and all the dictionaries and encyclopedias on the poets
themselves.

So great a philosopher as Herbert Spencer said that
poetry is one of the two foundations of education, for, as he
said, "The child of the time, like the child of the time and
the beautiful, is the child principle of education." We must
remember that the really important element in poetry lies in
that it suggests, rather than in that it actually says.

History repeats itself; periods of war will come, despite all the highest aspirations for peace; nation will struggle against nation; one cause or another is constantly challenging the animal forces of the strength of man; the fittest do survive in large numbers, but at the terrible cost of life of the nations' best. All this goes on under the name of "Growth" of the individual and the nation. For real growth, we must recognize life's values, and President Marsh has put them all into five items;...adventure, bringing with it a new sense of power, the attraction between the sexes, a primal law for race perpetuation, the search for wealth, the love of beauty in all its forms, and the innate "urge" for religion. Because all these are "life", we find them in all great poetry, which at its best, is but a reflection of life. We should approach the new era with a receptive mind, eager to find, as in former eras, all that is worth while, rather than willingly let it all go because there is so much written that is not worth while.

After great physical struggles and periods of unrest, has followed the writing down of the facts and fancies of the times, and our poetry of to-day is but a natural outcome of the world war of yesterday. Not a line have I read that speaks of the glorification of war, as formerly, but rather does it depict in plain language its horrors, and the pictures are a plea for peace---the most eloquent of pleas!

If we take the trouble to learn the facts, we shall note with interest, that long before the Christian era, nations were living in many ways about as we live now. They had the

History repeats itself; periods of war and peace.

Science and the highest civilization are peace; war is the

struggle against nature; one course or another is necessary.

Challenging the animal forces of the struggle, we are the

first to survive in large numbers, but at the terrible cost of

life of the nation's best. All this goes on under the name of

"Growth" of the individual and the nation. For real growth,

we must recognize life's values, and President Wilson has put

them all into five items;...advantage, beginning with it a new

cause of power, the attraction between the sexes, a primal law

for race perpetuation, the search for wealth, the love of power—

it is all the force, and the innate "urge" for religion. In-

crease all these are "life", we find them in all great poetry,

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let it all go because there is no such written law as not

will while.

After great physical struggles and periods of unrest,

has followed the setting down of the facts and fancies of the

times, and our society of to-day is but a natural outcome of the

world we of yesterday. But a line have I read that speaks of

the glorification of war, as formerly, but rather does it de-

void in plain language the horrors, and the pictures are a

clear for all to see--the most eloquent of all!

It is time the struggle to leave the world, we shall

not with honor, that long before the Christian era, nations

were living in wars about as we live now. They had the

same hopes, the same fears, the same longings, the same aspirations, the same eagerness to know about the wonders and beauties of this world, and the mysteries of the life beyond: there was the same undercurrent that confronts us in our lives to-day when, after exhausting all the knowledge that advanced science can bring to him, the scientist himself is forced to admit to us that beyond all this is life itself, to which he has found no solution save through the faith and hope and trust that comes to all, as life's experiences thrust themselves upon us, and like Margaret Fuller, we are forced to say, "I accept the universe", and appreciate Carlyle's characteristic comment, "By Gad, she'd better! We realize the interdependence between science and religion; Huxley has said that they are twin sisters; to separate them means death to both. We realize too, that what has made the poetry of the Bible survive, is that it deals fundamentally with the great "urge" within us toward the religious life. What did not the "twin sisters" mean to the life of Helen Kellar! "When God shuts a door he opens a window". Through the five gateways of knowledge we come into the land of poetry, and it was SCIENCE that opened these gateways for Helen Kellar. Though deprived of one or more of the senses, the others are often quickened into even greater activity, and though having the sense of touch only, so exquisitely delicate is her touch, that coupled with her brilliant mind, she has startled the world with her poetic descriptions of things which she apparently sees more clearly than some of the rest of us.

The drama of life goes on; and with it the drama of literature goes on; literature is the mirror, pouring in vivid

imagery the histories of nations; their rise, their growth, their decay, with the birth following, of new powers, new customs, from time immemorial. As the Hebrews journeyed to their temple in Jerusalem, they sang their thoughts; at first in a fragmentary way, and later by the process of accretion, the Psalter was built up. Caxton's printing press has been the direct means of giving to us Wycliffe's translation of that rare collection of poems including not only the psalms, but that great poem, the "Song of Songs", "Ruth", "The Book of Job", "Ecclesiastes", and "The Sermon on the Mount", among others. Everything poetic is discussed in "Job", from the "Moth", to the "Behemoth"; from the "Little rain" of the April shower, to the "Big rain", of the majestic thunder-storm. The whole Bible is teeming with the epic, the lyric, and the dramatic poem! To what extent is the poetry of to-day influenced by the poetry of the long ago? Tennyson has said that the Book of Job is the greatest poem in all literature. Here is no rhymed verse---nor free verse as we regard it now. One phase of the present free verse movement has its analogy in the Biblical poems, which find their articulation through the synonymous, synthetic, antithetic, and climactic parallelisms ----long cadences of thought, instead of the foot and syllable plan of metre. Such cadences in the new plan we call "polyphonic" verse. Walt Whitman uses them constantly; Amy Lowell likes them, and they appear as lovely prose poems also in the work of that Oriental poet, Rabindranath Tagore.

For poetry to live, there must be a balance maintained between the emotional and the intellectual. Emotion without thought causes it to die a natural death, and pure intellectu-

alism without the emotional phase would cease to interest. It is the genius who has combined them who has made his work live.

The beauty of the early Greek and Roman poetry was of this high order, and it is for this reason that the "Odyssey" and the "Illiad", in which the Greeks found their parallel for the Wisdom Books of the Hebrews, and the "Aeschylus" of Virgil of the Romans, after all these centuries still find a place in the cultural program of the secondary schools and colleges. Their beauty is brought out largely through the use of the figures of speech, without which much poetry would cease to be, though some of the best ballads of to-day are factual only, and still through the art of the authors have been made most appealing. This, however, is the exception rather than the rule. The old and new Testaments are teeming with figures, and it is apparent to-day that though couched often in simple language, they are running riot everywhere in our poetry. Figures make the concept stronger, more beautiful, more clear, and the joy in reading poetry is greatly enhanced by them. The soul is so filled with beautiful thoughts, that sometimes where there has been no intention of writing a poem, one is produced. This is the origin of the "Prose Poem". They run through all literature; Charles Lamb's "Dream Children" is one of the best illustrations of them, and a living producer of them is unexcelled in William Butler Yeats, the popular poet of the Irish group; Francis Carlin, A. E. Russell, James Stevens, and Padraic Colum, all of whom write perfect gems, but to Yeats is due the honor of the prose poem. Yeats, the Mystic, in his "Celtic Twilight" takes us into the land of imagination, and one of the great, underlying purposes of poetry is to stimulate the imagination.

I have counted as many as twenty-three different figures of speech in the book of "Job", and had never realized before that they were to be found here in any such number. Poetry is subtle, elusive, enveloped in grace and mystery, and the acid test of a poem for us is the degree of "urge" it leaves with us for reading it again and again for the sheer joy of it, each time finding in it new meanings, and heretofore undiscovered beauty. Poems are our friends---and with the growth of friendship, something beautiful and subtle is constantly being brought to light.

Passing rapidly through the centuries we reach England, who gave us Cadmun. His burial place, on the highest point of the lovely little seashore resort of Whitby, in Yorkshire, is a fit subject for a poem. The old town and the new are as different as the old poetry and the new. Close to the ruins of the great monastery where he served as a stable boy, towers a great shaft to the memory of this man, who gave us our first bit of English poetry 400 years before the Christian era, and I mention him here because English literature, like the Christian religion, came from a place of humble birth---a stable.

England's first recognized poet, universally recognized as a poet whose work was to live, is Chaucer. His "Canterbury Tales" came to us in a way similar to that of the Psalms. As the pilgrims journeyed, they sang and told stories for entertainment, and though the human values have a stronger appeal than their intellectual, and certainly than their Moral? values, they are original in form, and they do give us pictures of many of the customs of those days. Chaucer ruled his day; then there came a time when Chaucer was not read; the fluctuating tide comes

I have counted as many as twenty Latin American writers of
modest in the book of "Joy", and have never realized before that
they were to be found here in any such number. Poetry is really
elusive, enveloped in grace and mystery, and the real part of it
good for us is the degree of "urge" it leaves with us for reading
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Frederick rapidly through the centuries we reach England,
and come to Chaucer. His burial place, on the highest point of
the lovely little seashore resort of Whitby, in Yorkshire, is a
fit subject for a poem. The old town and the new are as different
as the old poetry and the new. Close to the ruins of the
great monastery where he served as a stable boy, stands a great
chapel to the memory of his son, who gave us our first bit of
English poetry 400 years before the Christian era, and I can-
not but have become English literature, like the Christian
religion, come from a place of humble beginnings.

England's first recorded poet, undoubtedly remembered
as a poet whose work was to live, is Chaucer. His "Canterbury
Tales" come to us in a way similar to that of the Bible. In
the original journeyed, they were told stories for entertainment
and, and though the human values have a hundred years passed them
they are still human, and certainly that their story values, that
are original in form, and they do give us a picture of many of
the customs of those days. Chaucer told the story; the poets
come - like when Chaucer was not read; the literature of the

and goes, but through it all, Chaucer has survived. The national Scottish and English ballads sprung up during his time, and through some good fortune have been preserved for us, though their authorship is unknown. After Chaucer, great names are Shakespeare and Spenser; consider the relative importance of each to-day. The "Song Birds" of Elizabeth's reign were a natural production of the time. Later, in serious Milton's day, when was produced the greatest of all poetry save that of Shakespeare and the Bible, the Caroline poets, analagous to the Cavalier poets of Elizabeth's time, made their appearance; it is human nature to sing, and the "Caroline" poets were needed in these sober days. Milton has described great poetry as "simple, sensuous, and passionate;" many a person has been helped by the lesser lights, who could not comprehend Milton, or be persuaded to try to. Does his definition hold good in all of his own poetry? Not many people think it is simple.

When we reach the Victorian Age, leaving behind us the poetry of Pope, whose "Every couplet is a polished pebble", and the age of Wordsworth, whose precursor was James Thomson, and effects materially the poets of to-day, we approach the time dealing more particularly with modern poetry, for while Tennyson was being restrained by the English, who insisted on having certain rules of poetry adhered to, Walt Whitman appeared on the scene in America, in utter revolt against the whole situation in poetry, and the nearest approach to him at this time across the water, was Henley, who is still read both there and here.

CHAPTER II

THE REPLY IN SCOTLAND

Conventional verse to the winds! Now comes a breaking loose into more abundant life! Thompson way back in other times, had been a prophet, and a fore-runner of Wordsworth, who helped later in the Romantic Movement, but Whitman's contribution stands pre-eminently as pioneering a great cause. That he and Tennyson should be writing at the same time, and die the same year, is significant, for two more unlike geniuses can hardly be guessed at than these two men, each of whom, in his own way, had boosted the worth-whileness of living. Henley's work created no such furor as the radicalism of Whitman, the pioneer of the exaltation of the physical to the plane of the mental and the spiritual. Because of his unique position in the history of the new poetry, considerable space is given to him here.

We cannot compare Whitman and Tennyson, but we may contrast them, and the contrast is from every point of view, striking. Not only is Tennyson's verse polished, finished, beautiful as regards structure as well as thought, but the man himself was also polished;---finished---ultra-refined. One connects him with beautiful drawing-rooms, surrounded by all the material things that wealth implies, in the way of art and otherwise. Whitman does not belong by nature in this atmosphere. Rugged in appearance and manner, mingling with all kinds of the world's people, we picture Walt Whitman at his best in the great out-of-doors. Conventions meant nothing to him, relatively speaking, and because of this, torrents of abuse were hurled at him. His poise was uniform, regardless of the ferocity of the attack; he went quietly on with his work, accepting the mud-slinging as a stimulus to work the harder in carrying out his principles. He made no claim

Conventional verse to the wind! How come a striking issue
into more abundant life! Therefore my book is a new thing, and more
a prophet, and a fore-runner of the future, who holds later in
the human movement, but Whitman's contribution stands pre-emi-
nently as characterizing a great cause. That he and Tennyson should
be writing at the same time, and die the same year, is signifi-
cant, for two more unlike geniuses can hardly be grouped at once.
These two men, each of whom, in his own way, had secured the
forthrightness of living. Tennyson's work created the world of
as the realization of Whitman, the richness of the imagination of
the mystical to the plane of the mental and the spiritual. Be-
cause of his unique position in the history of the new poetry,
considerable space is given to him here.

We cannot compare Whitman and Tennyson, but we may con-
front them, and the contrast is from every point of view, strik-
ing. Not only is Tennyson's verse polished, finished, beautiful
in certain structures as well as thought, but the man himself was
also polished; finished; refined. One cannot see him
familiar drawing-rooms, surrounded by all the material things
that wealth implies, in the way of art and otherwise. Whitman
does not belong by nature to this class. He is in agreement
and ready, mingling with all kinds of the world's people, as
poets will. Whitman at his best is the great out-of-door. His
visions went nothing to him, relatively speaking, and because
of this, forests of trees were hewn at his. His poems are
uniform, regardless of the formality of the attack; he went out-
ly on with his work, accepting the end-alphabet as a stimulus to
work the larger in carrying out his principles. He was an ideal

as to the literary value of his work, and no pretense of writing for any finished form he might achieve, but on the contrary, was quite ready to leave his message to the test of time, and abide by the result. Indeed he said he hardly expected it would be understood for perhaps a hundred years, should it live that long.

His style is essentially conversational, and his poems reflect the many hours spent quite alone; those hours when he lives over again, the episodes, sights, sounds, and conversations when touching the lives of others in every walk of life. Whitman loved both society and solitude.

His friends were as loyal as his enemies were severe. No person, not even Emerson, could swerve him from his definite objective, and no situation was allowed to block his way. He had the happy faculty of so meeting every obstacle, facing it, walking up to it, and right through it, that it ceased to be an obstacle and became a stepping-stone. Such was his philosophy of life. He was friendly to all; condescending to none. The glad hand, the warm-hearted greeting, was characteristic.

In 1865, appeared his "Leaves of Grass" , now in its 15th edition. Even his friends found portions of it so objectionable, that he was urged to withdraw them. Emerson argued and urged, all to no purpose. He said he was willing to let all his verses take their course, and that he could not change them to suit anybody, and be true to himself, for his message, unchanged, was more apt to tend toward the levelling of humanity, and the truest spirit of democracy of the people of America. More than once, he could easily, when he needed money, have obtained considerable sums, had he been willing to compromise, but he would not. As the years have gone on, there has been

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His style is essentially conversational, and his prose
reflected the many hours spent quite alone; those hours when he
lives over again, the epistles, nights, seasons, and conver-
sations when looking the life of others in every walk of life.
Written for the world, and not for the world.
His friends were as loyal as his enemies were fervent.
To person, not even Emerson, could answer him from his distant
objective, and no situation was allowed to blind his eye. He
had the happy faculty of so meeting every obstacle, finding it,
winning us to it, and right through it, that it seemed to be
an obstacle and became a stepping-stone. Such was his skill-
copy of life. He was friendly to all; understanding to none.
The glad hand, the warm-hearted greeting, was characteristic.
In 1885, he wrote his "Lives of Great Men," now in the
18th edition. Even his friends found portions of it as objection-
able, that he was urged to withdraw them. Emerson wrote him
grated, all to no purpose. He said he was willing to let all his
verses take their course, and that he could not change them to
suit anybody, and he true to himself, but his generosity, un-
changed, was more apt to find fault with the fault-finding of himself,
and the trust which of the world of letters.
For this cause, he could easily, when he needed money, have
obtained considerable sums, but he refused to do so, and he had been
but he would not. In the years that have gone on, he has been

limitless criticism both for and against him, but he has, as the years have gone on, and it is now thirty-six years since he left us, won his way into the hearts of thousands; there has been a constant increase in the Whitman literature; a constant demand for his works, and a growing appreciation of his message and the great fortitude he showed in the days of pioneering this message to a world not yet ready for its reception. If one is seeking for the thing Whitman did not intend, he will find it.

"Two men stood looking through the self-same bars;
One saw the mud, the other saw the stars."

We usually get out of a thing about what we put into it. Never was it truer of any poet that "You must love him, ere to you he will seem worthy of your love" than of this poet. Approach him with an unprejudiced mind, and you will before long, begin to understand these great rolling cadences of thought, so like in form, the parallelisms of the old testament poetry. His technique is hardly a matter for discussion, there is so little of it, but the internal organic rhythm is there. In conversational style, he talks with us on every conceivable subject.

Whitman is as true as steel; he sees beauty in everything; he has a mind that is keen and penetrating; he combines intellectualism and emotionalism; he apprehends everything; a happy soul who looks through life with rosy spectacles, and tries to help others to do so.

His heart was so big that he lost his health serving others during the war. Every soldier in the hospital wards learned to watch for him, and would follow him with their eyes, when he had left the bedside, as he went about the hospital wards in wholesome, friendly fashion, with ready wit, cheery words, and good things for the soldiers.

He had a fatherly love for little children that made them cling to him, and many are the touching stories of his hours with them. He was gifted with common sense---a most unusual gift. Such was the man who fascinated John Burroughs, Thoreau, Bronson Olcott, John Addington Symonds, O'Connor, who called him "The Good, Gray Poet", Ralph Waldo Emerson, Christina and Dante Rossetti, and the other Pre-Raphaelites, Edward Dowden, the critic Steadman, and our loved Tennyson. He appeared on the scene during the important Victorian period, closed by Swinburne, when poets, novelists, essayists, and scientists were prolific. George Eliot, George Meredith, Matthew Arnold, Carlyle, Mac Cauley, Dickens, Walter Pater, Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spenser, Cardinal Newman, and a host of others, appeared some time during the "Age of Compromise", as it has been called, those years between 1840 and 1880, and Whitman and Tennyson, both at advanced years, died in 1892.

The critic, Steadman, himself a poet, is one of those who wanted to see justice given Whitman. His friends were legion, and many were the notables that crossed the water to see him. Let him describe himself; "Bearded, sunburned, gray-necked, I have arrived, To be wrestled with, as I pass for the solid prizes of the universe. Whitman loved life, but he did not fear death, and some of the choicest things he has written, are on this subject. In that lovely thing; "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloomed", he, referring to Lincoln, says;

"Oh, how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my soul for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?"

I quote a stanza to show his style. taken from the same poem.

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 to me the two given Whitman. His friends were Emerson, and many
 were the meetings that crossed the water to see him. Let him be
 aside himself; "Emerson, author, gray-headed, I have arrived,
 To be wrestled with, as I have for the solid vigor of the universe.
 Whitman loved life, but he did not fear death, and soon of the
 choicest things he was written, and on this subject, in that
 lovely line, "When I have been in the Boat-yard Thence", he,
 returning to himself, says:
 "Oh, how glad I would be to see you for the good and kind I loved
 and how glad I look for the last great and good that I love
 and what shall my greeting be for the good of this I love!"
 I quote a stanza to show his style, taken from the same book.

"Then, as with knowledge of death walking one side of me,
 And the thought of death close walking the other side of me,
 And I in the middle as with companions, and holding the
 hands of companions,
 I fled forth to the hiding, receding night, that talks not;
 Down by the shores of the water, the path by the swamp
 in the dimness,
 To the solemn shadowy cedars, and ghostly pines so still,
 And the singer so shy to the rest, received me,
 The gray-brown bird, I know received us comrades three,
 And he sang a carrol of death, and a verse for him I love."

Is not this, indeed real poetry? If not, what is?

Not only did Whitman admire Lincoln, but that great man Lincoln admired and loved Whitman, and said from a window of the White House one day, as he saw Whitman's figure in the distance, "There goes a man."

Whitman worked on the principle of "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." One cannot think of him at close range, but as forever reaching out and beyond the average person, whom he makes feel through a marvellous simplicity of thought and expression, that the niche in the universe where he finds himself, is exactly the place where he belongs at the time.

Picking up a volume of "Best American Poets", I find some 75 pages are given to him. One can hardly find an anthology now which does not recognize him not only as a poet, but as one of the greatest poets. Some one has said of him that he is best "diluted", because we must read "chunks" of his verse to separate the wheat from the chaff; this may be true, as he paid little attention to finished form, and it is largely through sound, rather than through subject matter, that we are influenced in favor or against poetry. He studied Burns constantly, and some of his descriptions of nature, as "The First Dandelion", compares favorably with Burns. His "Songs of Joy", "Songs of the Open Road", and "Songs of Myself" are among his characteristic

"Then, as with knowledge of death waiting on the side of
the knowledge of death close waiting the other side of
And I in the middle as with knowledge, and holding the
hands of companions,
I fled forth to the night, reaching what, that I like now;
Down by the shore of the water, the path of the waves
in the distance,
To the eastern shadowy east, and I positively could no longer
And the singer as they in the past, received no
The first-born bird, I know received no comfort there,
And he knew a cruel of death, and a worse for him I fear."

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some of his descriptions of nature, as "The First Dandelion",
compare favorably with Burns. His "Songs of Joy", "Songs of the
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poems. By many he is considered a greater poet than Poe; Poe did not admire him, but Poe did not belong to the poetry of the new movement, and was melancholy, and subjective, very. I see very little humor in Poe, and much in Whitman. The Brownings, William Morris, Edward Fitzgerald, and Arthur Clough had words of praise for him.

Immediately following these, and closely allied with the new poetry, was Kipling, whose verse appeared considerably later but whose birth occurred in 1865, at the time that Whitman was well steeped in his work, and was beginning to receive recognition. Several editions of his "**Leaves**" had now appeared... So far as their poetry was concerned, Houseman, Gibson, Masfield, Rupert Brooke, Chesterton and Yeats, Noyes, etc., came after the Victorian Age, and belong essentially to the new Movement. The English continued to write their rhymed verse, though the Victorian period had not brought back the "Rocking-horse" couplet, the sing-song couplet of Dryden and Pope. Though so perfect, Whitman preferred something quite different. He said these put him to sleep. His sense of subtle delicacy may be seen when he says that he never was able to find the words to express the song of the robin at twilight. This song greatly impressed him, and he studied it. The little robin "dripping" in the woods, after an April shower interested him far more than it did most poets, though a subject for many. Drinkwater says that words are to the poet, as paint is to the painter. "The extent to which Whitman was interested in words may be found in a study of his "Primer." Choice style is always closely allied to a most careful selection of words, and though only symbols, the right symbol must be thought of carefully.

Sometimes the poetry of the day is chiefly informational; sometimes it is chiefly inspirational; Whitman's is chiefly conversational, but combines the other two in the process. He talks on everything one can even dream of, that was known about then; of course not about the radio and the air-plane, but science has taken strides since his time. He saw everything, when apparently sauntering along, and making jottings in his note-book, later collaborated them, and developed them into some of the finest verses that one could read. Select according to your need, and poetry will give pleasure, fortify, reconcile, bring joy and happiness, make harmonious, give us moments of relaxation, and meet our every type of need, for real poetry implies back of the words, religious thought, couched in a thousand different forms. If we need the "Faith that looks through death," the poet will be the greatest possible help to us. The philosophic mind has limitless ways of self-expression. Everything that we enjoy and everything that we suffer, has found its way into pen pictures of the artist in literature, as surely as into the musician's tone pictures or the artist's paint brush. Poetry and life are inseparable. Through poetry we see the beauties of external human and the Divine Nature; poetry dignifies labor; it helps us to understand spiritual, artistic, practical, intellectual, moral, ethical, human, and literary values, and how to properly correlate these values. Its growth through the ages reflects the growth of the people of those ages. If we read the best, we will find still the appeal to conduct put in a subtle form that does not preach, which is not a tendency of our times, but educators stress this objective everywhere, and never more than to-day, as being the real

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...on everything that has ever been said or done, but science
...of course not about the world and the struggle, but science
...has taken since this time. It has everything, when so-
...naturally something else, and when looking at his work,
...later collaboration then, and developed then this sense of the
...lines verse that one could read. Defect according to your
...and poetry with five minutes, forty, reasonable, being
...joy and happiness, make something, give the sense of relaxa-
...tion, and not our every day of work, for real poetry makes
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...different forms. If we read the "Book of the Living Dead,"
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...not a tendency of our time, but which is a more objective
...everything, and we are now today, as when the world

objective in education. The continuous and consistent study and general reading of poetry will give us philosophical thinkings, and larger understandings, that will enable us not only to meet many of life's daily problems, but the problem of life itself. Some of our New England poets, particularly Whittier, felt that Whitman did not take the right procedure for his ideas, but people grow, and were Whittier and others alive to-day they might change their views about many matters. Certainly the New England poets have given us much that is choice, and that is loved, but probably Longfellow is more widely known and read now than any of the others.

Since later we are to speak of the "Imagists", who are analagous to the "Georgians", we must ^{not} leave the mention of the Victorian age without reference to the latter. The Georgians were a group of young men who separated themselves from the Victorians because of their utter dislike for them, and an unwillingness to be classed with them---assuming the name---or rather, slogan, "We are Georgians". Rupert Brooke expressed their creed---"The truth at any price---let beauty take care of itself." They did not adopt free verse, but wrote in ballad form, quatrain, dimeter---short measure is the Georgian type. The blank verse of Gibson and Abercrombie is typical. The very simplicity of their form makes it impossible to exhaust it. Protest of Realism against Romanticism is as natural as protest of Romanticism against Classicism. Simplicity---sincerity---these are the key notes to the Georgians. They never used the ornate unless for the very definite purpose of bringing out the realistic. They gave us simple and wholesome pictures, but not much art in the use of a technique. Someone has said that art is like an egg, it makes a lot of difference whether it is

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analogous to the "Georgians", we must leave the matter of the
Victorian era without reference to the latter. The Georgians
were a group of young men who separated themselves from the
Victorian progress of their order of life, and in an
effort to be placed with them--meaning the case--for
rather, since, "We are Georgians". Robert Browning expressed
their creed--"The truth at any price--but beauty last of
itself." They did not about five years, but were in the
late, middle, and later--about twenty is the Georgian time.
The black verse of Whitman and Longfellow is typical. The
very simplicity of their form makes it impossible to express it.
Poets of Whelan against Longfellow is as natural as present
of Romanticism against Whelan. Similarly--whenever--
there are the key notes to the Georgians. They never used the
ornate unless for the very definite purpose of bringing out the
realistic. They gave us strength and volume of images, but
not much art in the use of a technique. Browning has said that
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good or bad. The Georgians had little art. They scorned it. They form an important group in the new plan, so basic was their plan for calling a spade a spade, and so great was their following. For this reason a somewhat full, yet not wholly complete list of them follows; James Stevens^{pk}, Harold Munro, Gordon Bottomley, Ralph Hodgson, Robert Graves, Walter De La Mare, William H. Davis, La Salle Abercrombie, Francis Ledwidge, H. D. Lawrence, James Fletcher, John Drinkwater, Robert Nichols, Rupert Brooke, and our loved John Masefield. They occasionally used the long, narrative poem, and the ballad stanza in shorter poems. They were very fond of animals, as are most of our newer poets, and "The Bull" by Ralph Hodgson, is one of the most typical, and one of the best, of their long narrative poems. Hodgson was an animal lover, and has imaged the story perfectly for us. He has given us in this one of the very great poems of the period. The Georgians approached realism more than any group until the arrival of Walt Whitman. Their work had a very great effect on all the verse that has followed, is, following, them. Most of them are now living. As the polyphonic verse was analagous to the Hebrew poetry, so is the work of the Imagists, to be referred to again later, analagous to the work of the Georgians. A return to simplicity is expressed in the style and subject matter. Characteristic verse is in the couplet of Rupert Brooke. Padraic Colum, and W. B. Yeats, while not using the Whitman style, express the Whitman sincerity. Nature, man, and religion, always have interested, and always will interest people, but Whitman astonished the world by the way in which he treated these elemental subjects. His conversational style was used for a time, then was dropped, and is now coming

to life again in the present free verse movement. It is Whitman, who, through a great levelling process tending in the direction of a national democracy, stands as the great pioneer in our country for AMERICANISM IN POETRY, expressed through hundreds and thousands of lines with an appeal for democracy and NATIONALISM, and the "I" that so many critics have objected to in his work, especially in the series of verses called "Songs of Myself", is not personal at all, but rather a composite picture of the people of AMERICA, his theme first, last, and foremost, and pertinently brought out in "I Hear America Singing."

to this point in the present time when movement is in progress, and, through a great leveling process tending in the direction of a national democracy, stands as the first pioneer in our country for AMERICANISM IN ART, expressed through hundreds and thousands of lines with an appeal for democracy in NATIONALISM, and the "I" that so many critics have objected to in his work, especially in the series of verses called "Songs of myself", is not accidental at all, but rather a composite picture of the people of AMERICA, who these first, last, and forever, and nobly brought up in "I Hear America Singing."

PART 11

THE NEW ERA IN POETRY

CHAPTER I

CHANGES IN TECHNIQUE

The first, and by far the most apparent change in the new poetry was in its technique. One immediately notices the free man-to man talk---literally conversational. Referring to Lincoln Whitman says:

This dust was once a man,
Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under whose cautious
hand,
Against the foulest crime known in any land or age,
Was saved the union of these states.

One feels the organic rhythm here, but were these lines written as prose, they would appear to the casual reader as prose.

A second thing noticeable in the new poetry is the rarity of the former prevalent blank verse, and the reading in many anthologies failed to show much use of the internal rhyme scheme. The ballad has been preserved in not only the short, but the long narrative poem, and illustrates not infrequently the revival of the old Greek strophe. The polyphonic verse elsewhere referred to, and lending itself so readily to the conversational style, has been employed.

Formality has gone to the winds; trite words, and all conventional words have been tabooed; short, pertinent words are retained, or substituted. The great, organic rhythms are very pronounced. Patterns are in evidence everywhere; they seem to have greatly impressed Amy Lowell. The variety and structure of style is seemingly limitless, and many new forms have been attempted to get away from the previous "formalism". Considerable has been done with folk lore, often having its own dialect, but though Dayly has produced good Italian and Irish dialect, I do not consider that our present poetry has in general much of this. Countee Cullen has written much fine verse about the negro, but

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new poetry was in its technique. The immediately obvious
fact was that the new poetry was--literally conversational. Following
Lincoln Whitman says:

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Against the foulest crime known in any land or age,
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Formality has gone to the whole; strict words, and all
conventional words have been tabooed; short, pertinent words are
retained, or substituted. The first, organic rhythm are very
pronounced. Rhythms are in evidence everywhere; they tend to
have greatly improved and less formal. The variety and elasticity of
style is generally finished, and many new forms have been ef-
fected to get away from "formalism". Considerable
has been done with folk lore, often having its own dialect, but
though Gayly has produced good Italian and Irish dialect, I do
not consider that our present poetry has in general much of this.
Constance Gillies has written much like verse about the negro, but

has not put ^{it} into dialect form.

Between 1900 and 1914, the poets in England and America who had been writing continued to write, but, as was natural, no new names of importance appeared. After 1918, the publishers were deluged with material of all kinds; at first this was chiefly war verse, but in the last ten years, which accentuates the new poetry movement, matter on every conceivable subject has been written. In 1919 a "Treasury of War Poetry" compiled by George Herbert Clark appeared, containing the efforts of both British and American authors. There have been few anthologies of war verse published, and this is considered one of the best. Its type is naturally elegiac, and we turn to the more general anthologies for the prevalent technique and style of the last decade.

The war is still too near us to tell what of its poetry will live. Wilfred Gibson, and Siegfried Sassoon have through the use of their technique, brought out in horrible realism the pictures of trench life, and other phases of life at the front. Joyce Kilmer will always be remembered for his "Rouge Bouquet" as well as for his "Trees"; Rupert Brooke's "The Dead", and Richard Aldington's "Dawn" are striking illustrations of war verse, as is Gibson's "The Father", and "Breakfast." "The Cornucopia of Red and Green Comforts", by Amy Lowell, might be mentioned here, and everyone knows Alan Seeger, and John Masefield's "August--1914." The truth of the Georgian poet is discovered in all of these. They did not make technique of first importance, but I should not say this was true of Amy Lowell, who studied every word. Cheap writers keep their finger on the public pulse, and commercialize their work, but the real poet never does this. His art is his life.

and with this I should like to

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and this is considered one of the best. Its type is naturally

selected, and we turn to the more general anthologies for the

present technique and style of the last decade.

The war is still too near us to call what of the poetry

will live. Wilfred Owen, and Siegfried Sassoon have through the

use of their technique, brought out in powerful fashion the pictures

of trench life, and other phases of life at the front. Joyce Kilmer

will always be remembered for his "Young Soldier" as well as for

his "Trenson"; Robert Brooke's "The Bell", and Richard Aldington's

"Trenson" are striking illustrations of war verse, as is Edmund

"The Soldier", and "Exile". "The Unpopularity of Red and Green

Colours", by Kay Boyle, might be mentioned here, and everyone

reads Allen Tate's, and John Masefield's "Imagined—1914". The

truth of the poetry now is discovered in all of these. They

did not make reference to their experiences, but I should not

say this was true of any poet, who studied every word. These

writers kept their finger on the public pulse, and consequently

their work, like the great poets before them, has not in the least

The heart is in the work of these writers of war verse, and throwing their whole soul into making the picture vivid for us, they are for most part not dwelling on highly polished verse. The "Rocking Horse couplet" of Pope is preserved in some measure, a few poets reverting to this form to-day, but for the most part it has disappeared, because it was artificial, and the artificial is not tolerated to-day. "The Imagists" cared more for the technique of verse than the Georgians, though here, too, realism, rather than form, was the objective. They will be referred to again, later.

"The new poetry strives for a concrete and immediate realization of life; it would discard the theory, the abstraction, the remoteness, found in all classics not of the first order. It is less vague, less verbose, less eloquent, than much of the poetry of the Victorian period, and much work of earlier periods. It has set before itself an ideal which implies an individual, unsterreotyped diction, and an individual, unstereotyped rythm." The ladies and princesses are giving way to the "Gum-Gatherer" of Robert Frost, "In a Poppy Field" by James Stevens, and the "Cradle Song" of Padraic "Column. Hence the diction of former times would now be a misfit, and the technique of a Milton is even less appreciated now than formerly.

The heart is the work of these writers of our time, and
they are for most part not dwelling on highly polished words. The
"Rustic House" couplet of Pope is preserved in some measure, a few
words repeated in this form to-day, but for the most part it has
disappeared, because it was artificial, and the addition is not
related to-day. "The Rustic" came more for the technique of
verses than the substance, though here, too, Rustic, rather than
form, was the objective. They will be referred to as a
"The new poetry" either for a dramatic and realistic
function of life; it would discard the beauty, the appearance,
the technique, found in all classical art of the first order.
It is less verse, less technique, less elegant, than much of the
poetry of the Victorian period, and much more of earlier periods.
It has not before itself an ideal which limits an individual,
unrestricted freedom, and an individual, unrestricted type.
The facts and circumstances are giving way to the "Guns-Getters"
of Robert Frost, "In a Frost Field" by James Stevenson, and the
"Cattle Song" of Robert Frost. Hence the notion of former
times would now be a reality, and the technique of a writer is
even less emphasized now than formerly.

SCIENCE OF LITERATURE
Chapter 11

The STYLE of the new poetry is spontaneous, emotional rather than intellectual, very dramatic, lyrical, profoundly so, as poetry is bound to be, but the new era emphasizes the lyric, in most amazing ways, that formerly would have seemed incredible.

The style is constantly changing, and critics say that it is apt to change even as often as about every five years for a while. It is effervescent, unpolished, democratic, and experimental. One thing that is especially marked is its freedom from moralizing. This is done through suggestion only. Many poets would be ashamed to have a moral attached to their verses. But it must always be borne in mind that the way a poem really becomes a part of us is through its sound rather than its subject matter, and that poetry was written to be read aloud. Through the very careful choice of words, and their relation in the poem to each other, the author through the instrumentality of these symbols tries to convey the idea, but these words are merely suggestive; and we must bring to the poem the imaginative gift. Shakespeare, the greatest of all poets said, "As Imagination bodies forth the forms of thing unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name."

John Drinkwater in "A Town Window" has brought out many of the elements now prevalent; the style, the brevity, the democracy, the sound---just referred to. The poem is in rhymed quatrain, retained as a basic form by many poets. The world's people is the dominant note in these verses.

"Beyond my window in the night
Is but a drab, inglorious street,
Yet there the frost, and clean starlight
As over Warwick woods, are sweet.

Under the gray shift of the town
 The crocus works among the mould
 As eagerly as those that crown
 The Warwick Spring in flame and gold

And when the tramway down the hill
 Across the cobbles moans and rings,
 There is about my window sill
 The tumult of a thousand wings.

Nature, loveliness, beauty, love for the common people,
 joy in common things; all these are expressed here simply, briefly,
 sincerely.

William H. Davies has given us some of the loveliest verses
 that we have. He has held to the couplet in his "Leisure", and
 has built up the poem synthetically, retaining all the tendencies
 of the new verse, and picturing as much wisdom as Pope and Dryden
 in their very long poems, in the couplet form. The philosophy
 of life is all contained in the first two lines.

"What is this life, if full of care,
 We have no time to stand and stare?"

.....

No time to see when woods we pass,
 Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

.....

No time to turn at beauty's glance,
 And watch her feet, how they can dance, etc.

.....

A poor life this, if, full of care,
 We have no time to stand and stare.

Does it pay to be so engaged in research that we no longer have
 time to sing? The current number of the "Atlantic", in an article
 called "Natural Humor", gives the story of the situation in prose.

Under the grey hills of the town
The crimson water flows the whole
In tangles as water in a stream
The twisted bodies in lines and folds

And when the first day dawned the hill
Above the bodies rose and rang
There is a great cry winter still
The sound of a thousand wings

Beauty, loveliness, beauty, love for the ancient people,
Joy in common things; all these are extended here slightly, slightly,
slightly.

William H. Davies has given us some of the loveliest verses
that we have. He has told us the counsel in his "Lullaby", and
has built up the poem systematically, retaining all the tenderness
of the new verse, and giving us such wisdom as Pope and Byron
in their very best verses, in the counsel form. The philosophy
of life is all contained in the last two lines.

"What is this life, if full of care,
We have no time to dream and stare?"

.....

No time to dream and stare we have,
Where eagles ride their tails in space.

.....

No time to dream and stare we have,
And watch the feet, the feet can stare, etc.

.....

A good life this, if full of care,
We have no time to dream and stare.

Does it pay to be so engaged in research that we no longer have
time to stare? The answer is given in the "Lullaby", in an article
called "Naturalism", where the story of the situation is given.

A little time with an author like Yeats, who has given us that perfect gem, "A ~~Little~~ Shropshire Lad", will do more to drive away a headache than any number of pills and powders. Everyone who loves poetry should know this; a small, but precious book.

No one has more than John Masefield the power to express beauty. His is a message for all people, and that it takes a beautiful soul to work for a great cause, we know, but this man for the sheer joy of it too, has to express his delight in Nature.

BEAUTY

I had seen dawn and sunset on moors and sandy hills,
Coming in solemn beauty like slow, old tunes of Spain;
I have seen the Lady April bringing the daffodils,
Bringing the springing grass, and the soft, warm April rain.

"Teton Mountain", by Lew Sarett, is personified. The beauty of this poem is startling.

In the moonlight a spangled necklace shakes
And shivers silver blue upon her shoulders;
A fragile thread of crinkling brooks and lakes
In the glimmering ice and boulders.

Under her feet a tapestry of pearl
Veiling her marble figure in purple haze;
Draped with a scarf at timber line
In a billowy silken maze.

J. J. B. Nichols has in one quatrain set a picture in history before us that brings up long trains of thought. It is purely suggestive. He has called it

On the Toilet Table of Queen Marie-Antoinette.

This was her table; these her trim, outspread
Brushes and trays, and porcelain cups for red;
Here sat she while women tired and curled
The most unhappy head of all the world.

SINCERITY, another tendency, is seen in these illustrations, and the tenets of the Imagists hold here. Who are the Imagists?

Just as the Georgians separated themselves from the Victorians, agreeing by mutual consent to write only the truth, and constructing the tenets of their verse structure with minutest care, so around us now, in our still more recent era of poetry, has grown up a small group of poets calling themselves the "Imagists," whose work is analogous to the plan of the Georgians.

The name itself describes in part the style of their work, but their poems are more than mere pictures, they are little mosaics. They are governed by certain rules, and Amy Lowell, Louis Untermeyer, John Gould Fletcher, and H. D. are representative Of the group.

Their idea is to use common speech, but to use the exact word, rather than the nearly exact; to create new rhythms suited to the new words; in poetry a new cadence means a new idea; to allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject; to present an image that will reveal the particular thing rather than vague generalities, and to recognize that concentration is the very essence of poetry. (Note the five-line mosaic.) They did not insist on free verse, but encouraged it, and as a principle of liberty, says Miss Wilkinson, fought for it. The following illustrates their ideas. The first is from Hilda Doolittle's "Garden". Where else is there a pen picture of July heat that "feels" so intense as one reads!

"Oh, wind, rend open the heat,
Cut apart the heat,
Rend it to tatters.

Fruit cannot drop through this thick air
Fruit cannot fall into heat
That presses up, and blunts
The points of pears, and rounds the grape

WISDOM, another tendency, is seen in these illustrations.

and the facts of the landscape hold fast. The one the imagination
Just as the Georgians regarded themselves from the Victorian
agitated by mutual contact is with only the truth, and convincing
the facts of their verse structure with slight care, as shown in
not, is but still more recent one of poetry, has given us a small
group of poets calling themselves "the late," whose work is small-
scale to the plan of the Georgians.

The new itself describes in part the style of their work,
but their poems are more than mere pictures, they are little masterpieces.
They are governed by certain rules, and any lawless, loose University,
John Gough Thompson, and H. D. are representative of the group.

Their idea is to use common speech, but to use the exact words,
rather than the nearly exact; to create new rhythms suited to the new
words; in poetry a new ordered scheme a new line; to allow absolute
freedom in the choice of subject; to present an image that will reveal
the universal thing rather than vague generalization, and to recognize
that concentration is the very essence of poetry. (Note the three-line
mosaic.) They did not insist on free verse, but encouraged it, and as
a principle of liberty, even when Wiffrance, Pound, and the others
ing illustrated their ideas. The first is from Miss Woolf's "The
den": There also is there a picture of July heat that "feels" as

intense as one panel!
"Oh, what, and open the heat,
But heart the heat,
And it is late."

That cannot show through this which is
That cannot fall into heart
That grows up, and flutters
The circle of heat, and rounds the green

Equally poignant is a bit of free verse from Fletcher, taken from his "Radiations."

"Flickering of incessant rain on flashing pavements;
Sudden scurry of umbrellas;
Bending, recurved blossoms of the storm."

According to Miss Lowell, Hilda Doolittle above all others is an imagist. Here is one more bit from her pen.

"We bring violets,
Great masses, single, sweet,
Wood violets, stream violets,
Violets from a wet marsh."

Carl Sandburg's "Fog", known by everyone who reads poetry at all, is markedly the free verse of the imagist. Who before him has likened the coming of the fog to a cat, whose cushioned feet move more silently than anything we can think of. Walter de la Mare, in his short poem called "Silver", has given us a picture of beauty that we all have seen, but never before have seen it expressed in words like this. And surely Adelaide Crapsey, in her delicately beautiful cinquains, has marvellously, in five lines, expressed universal pictures.

The Guarded Wound

If it
Were lighter touch
Than petal of flower resting
On grass, oh, still too heavy it were,
Too heavy!

November Night

Listen...
With faint dry sound,
Like steps of passing ghosts,
The leaves, frost-crisped, break from the trees
And fall.

These perfect little poems SOUND exactly right. They show SINCERITY, BREVITY, two prevailing tendencies, and through their suggestiveness and simplicity and perfect construction,

...from his "Bibliography."

"Flickering of incandescent rain on flashing pavement;
Sudden apparition of a night;
Bending, twisting, dancing of the stars."
According to Miss Lowell, Miss Gifford's poem all others is an
imitation. But she has not hit the mark.

"The little violet,
That grows, and grows, and grows,
With violet, with violet,
Violet from a red rose."

Carl Sandburg's "To," known by everyone who reads poetry
at all, is naturally the true verse of the English. The failure of
has lifted the burden of the lot to a red, when questioned that
have more often than anything we can think of. After he is
late, in his short poem called "Silence," was, there is a picture of
being that we all have known, but never before have seen it so
pressed in words like this. And surely Adelaide Crapsey, in her
delicately beautiful expression, has never, in this line,
expressed universal pity.

The General Theme

It is
The lighter touch
The detail of flower petals
On grass, or, still too heavy is
Too heavy!

November Night

Listen...
With faint dry sound,
Like leaves of autumn, rustle,
The leaves, frost-colored, rustle from the trees
And fall.

These poems, little as they seem, are exactly right. They show
simplicity, brevity, and a certain tenderness, and through
their simplicity and brevity and certain tenderness,

bring about a delicacy that I have never discovered elsewhere in such circumscribed form.

A father, experiencing a mood of exaltation, as he studied his baby's eyes, has thus expressed himself;

Mystery.

Blueness softer
Than twilight skies;
Worlds deeper
Than starlit night,-
My baby's eyes!

This is real poetry---how could it be improved upon? I do not recall having seen this structure in verse until I began this study. It immediately attracted my attention as one of the new, experimental forms. Big, universal pictures, given us in even smaller frames than the sonnet form. They follow certain definite rules, just as definitely as do the longer poems. They are written to give pleasure through variety. They have afforded me so much pleasure, and have interested me so much that I tried to write a few myself. The first one I chose to call

A Baby's Hands.

Tiny messengers of strength
Reaching out to us in our moments of weakness
With infinite love and power;
Guiding, uplifting;
A baby's hands!

A Butterfly .

Symbol of beauty and grace,
Seeking, like us, the light,
Singeing
Its wings
As it goes!

In sharp contrast to this form is Carl Sandburg's "Chicago", presented in "a large rough form, to give a large, rough idea," yet so versatile is he, that like Adelaide Crapsey and others, he can make the tiniest poem, and have it perfect. "Fog" has been already referred to.

"The fog comes
On little cat feet.

It sits looking
Over harbor and city,
On silent haunches,
And then moves on."

Silence that you could almost cut, like that in Hilda Doolittle's "Heat", is here. They are little prose poems, and more often than not, this is what free verse turns out to be.

Orrick Johns, in "Little Things", shows us plainly that it is not by any means necessarily the great things that count for most.

"There's nothing very beautiful and nothing very gay,
About the rush of faces in the town by day,
But a light tan cow, in a pale green mead,
That is very beautiful, beautiful indeed."...

One of our own honored and much loved professors, Dr. Osbert W. Warmingham, has shown us in a few suggestive lines that say much but appeal most because of what is left unsaid, just why we are here.

"Because
This moving world
Is an exhaustless wonder
Folded in a heaven of living blue,-
And God's great heart
Is love's eternal hunger;
You are you."

In sharp contrast to this is the "Gospel"
presented in "The Jesus Story". It is a story
so revealing in its truth that the Christian
and the atheist alike will find it
with the faintest word, and have it
repeated to.

"The Jesus Story"
On this one fact.

It is a looking
over the horizon of
all of humanity
and the universe.

It is a story that you could almost
call "The Jesus Story". It is a story
more often told, and it is a story
which is told in "The Jesus Story", and
it is not by any means necessarily
the same as the "Jesus Story".

"There's a nothing very beautiful
about the fact of Jesus in the
fact of his love, in a word,
that is very beautiful, beautiful indeed."

One of our most famous and most loved
writers, the author of the "Gospel"
has said that because of what is left
unwritten, that is why we are

"Gospel"
This is a story
in an extraordinary way
told in a way of
and God's great love
is love's eternal
You are you."

Another illustration, this time from W. B. Yeats, tells the same story, and will bear many readings.

"God is Joy and Joy is God".

"Joy gives the twilight and the dew,
And fills with stars Night's purple cup,
And wakes the sluggard seed of corn,
And stirs the young kid's budding horn,
And makes the infant ferns unwrap,
And for the peewit paints his cap,
And rolls along the unwieldy sun,
And makes the little planets run."

The greatness of beauty in Nature and in Man, is felt and understood by many souls, and we may imbibe anew, refreshment for our souls, at the Fount of Fairyland given us by the magic of that loved Irish poet, Yeats. All we need is appreciation, keen understanding, wide observation, and PATIENCE.

Life's great lesson---
Man's great need---
The road by which fine objectives are reached---
The soul's acid test---
PATIENCE!

Among the war poems I found a fragment, which tells the whole story under the new plan.

"He's gone.
I do not understand.
I only know
That as he turned to go
And waved his hand,
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone,
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,
And he was gone! "

Tagore has shown us symbolism in its perfection, and one would expect such poetry after seeing the great soul that produced it. "The breeze was spendthrift of itself, the trees were on fire with flowers; the birds never slept from singing."

Masefield's "Cargoes" is a vivid illustration of symbolism,

Another illustration, this time from E. M. Wright's "The Green
Story, and will have many readers."
"God is love and love is God"

"Boy gives the soldier and the old
and little wife's story. Little's name's one,
and when the story is read of course,
and when the story is read of course,
and when the story is read of course,
and when the story is read of course,
and when the story is read of course,
and when the story is read of course."

The greatness of beauty in nature and in man, is felt and
understood by many people, and we are indeed more, nevertheless,
for our souls, at the point of feeling given us by the magic
of that loved Irish song, "Yester. All we need is yesterday,
keep understanding, with observation, and PATIENCE."

Life's great lesson---
Man's great need---
The road by which time objectives are reached---
The soul's great test---
PATIENCE!

Among the war poems I found a fragment, which tells the
whole story under the new plan.

"He's gone."
I do not understand.
I only know
That he is turned to go
And saved his name,
In the young man's sudden, far away,
And I was carried by a wound glass,
And he was gone!"

There has shown us sympathy in the profession, and one
would expect such poetry after death, for first and last profound
it. "The theme was something of itself, the lines were on the
with flowers; the circle never about from nature."
Meredith's "Garden" is a slight illustration of sympathy.

and the Irish poet, Francis Carlin, in his short poem called

✓ "The Cuckoo", shows us that he well understands this.

"A sound from but an echo made,
And a body wrought of colored shade,
Have blent themselves into a bird
But seldom seen and scarcely heard.

Can we think to-day of wading through such a poem as Wordsworth's "Excursion"--long drawn out, and repetitious to the last degree? All that is there which we want, can be had by another, and more enjoyable, reading hour.

Most people are about as alive to poetry, and at home in it, as aameleon on a plaid skirt: they are about as happy in their relations to life, also. If only we could give them the understanding of the happiness that can be had by friendship with the poets! This is a great part, I believe, of the work of the teacher of "English". No boy or girl will love Tennyson's "Idylls", because he is made to stay after school to memorize choice passages, but once open his eyes to its beauties, and its appeal to what we all admire, and you will be asked if you will read some more of it with him if he stays. I have proven this. Life's greatest values are to be found permeating all poetry.

Thomas Hardy, who has just left us, has given us all the philosophy of his life in two very short, and very beautiful stanzas, called "Waiting Both".

"A star looks down at me
And says; 'Here I and you
Stand, each in our degree;
What do you mean to do---
Mean to do?'

I say; 'For all I know,
Wait, and let time go by,
Till my change come.'---'Just so'
The star says; 'So mean I---
So mean I'."

The tendency to BREVITY is one of the strong things about the new poetry, in that it will be apt to cause a greater number to become interested. Its very illusiveness, too is one of its attractions. The following may well be called "A Song."

"Beauty is so eager,-
 April shine and rain;
 Her breath, a blessing;
 Her love, pain.

Song is lovely, lonely,
 With dream-tunes that cry;
 And so few care
 When dreams die."

The lyric must be short, and not many of them can be read to advantage at one sitting.

"I caught a little silver trout,
 But when I laid it on the floor,
 I went to blow the fire aflame,
 But something rustled on the floor,
 And someone called me by my name;
 It had become a glimmering girl,
 With apple blossoms in her hair,
 Who called me by my name and ran
 And faded through the brightening air."

Strength and delicacy are combined in the following: the author, Abbie Farwell Brown, is talking to the oak tree.

"With thy sweet strength,
 With thy cool peace,
 With thy green joy,
 Touch me, and thrill me!
 Spirit of patience,
 Spirit of courage,
 Spirit of wisdom,
 Cover me! fill me!

One more illustration will suffice to show the tendency in the poetry of to-day to be concentrated. Many of us love the joy afforded by candle-light, and this joy has been voiced by Anne B. Payne. Let the verses speak for themselves.

The tendency to "simplify" is one of the commonest
about the new poetry, in that it will not allow a poet
to become involved. The very simplicity, too, is one
of its characteristics. The following poem will be called "A Sonnet."

"Simpler is no easier,
And still more true;
But simpler, a nobler
And more, a truer,
God is simpler, simpler,
And simpler than that;
And simpler than that;
And simpler than that."
The end of the poem.

The first part of the poem, and not any of the other parts,
is admitted as original.

"I cannot write as you do,
But when I find it on the floor,
I want to know what it is,
But cannot find it on the floor;
And someone tells me it is new;
It is not new, it is old;
With a new meaning in the old;
Who called it by a new name,
And called it by a new name."

Directly the original is admitted in the following:
the author, Robert Frost, is admitted to the list.

"With the world's simplicity,
With the world's simplicity,
With the world's simplicity,
With the world's simplicity,
With the world's simplicity,
With the world's simplicity,
With the world's simplicity,
With the world's simplicity."

One more illustration will be given to show the tendency
in the poetry of today to be concentrated. Many of us love the
joy expressed by concentration, and the joy expressed by concentration.
E. T. R. The end of the poem.

A Candle's Beauty

The beauty of a candle touches me;
 It is so softly gay---
 So steadfast and so careless of itself,
 Giving its life away.

With waxen body, slender, white and still,
 Melting as snow and ice,
 It is a spendthrift with a soul of flame,
 Offering sacrifice.

A little space of moments and of hours
 In which to shine and glow---
 A candle's beauty touches me, oh, more
 Than anything I know.

All these poems selected for their brevity cover other tendencies as well. The tendency towards not only patriotism, but in its larger sense NATIONALISM is the key-note to Whitman's work, and it is to him, more than to anyone else, that all that followed him in the way of radicalism is due. Everywhere he sings of democracy and America.

"I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear....

Each singing his.....each singing what belongs to her
 and to none else:....

Singing with open mouth their strong, melodious songs."

Whitman's poetry will be exalted because he deals with the ordinary, and dignifies it. He expects for America that each individual will ultimately be privileged to develop himself to the utmost of his capacity.

"Always the free range and diversity!
 Always the continent of Democracy."

Whitman was able to "see the world in a grain of sand, and heaven in a wild flower; To hold the Infinite in the palm of his hand, and Eternity in an hour."

Of course the treatment of the world war brings out the patriotism Whitman longed to see, but William Ellery Leonard, in his great sonnet sequence, "The Two Lives", one of the most remarkable poems of its kind our times has produced, says;

"We must not think too long on those who died,
While still so many yet must come to birth."

EXTERNAL NATURE is one of the tendencies emphasized---the value of it---the joy that comes from close contact with it. We cannot separate it from two other tendencies, the love for ANIMALS and birds and their protection. Many of the tendencies overlap in the same poem, but the choice in this paper is made with one outstanding tendency in mind. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Afternoon on a Hill", is almost as beautiful as Keat's "I Stood Upon a Little Hill". The following lines are taken from "A Thrush in the Moonlight."

"It came a rush of song like rain after thunder,
Pouring importunate on my window-sill.

I lowered my head, I hid it, I would not see or hear,
The bird song had stricken me, had brought the song too near
And when I dared to lift my head, night began to fill
With singing in the darkness, and then the thrush grew still
And the moon came in, and silence, on my window-sill."

This is as lovely as Matthew Arnold's "Philomena", and the poet understood the timidity of the thrush as well as Shelley understood his skylark.

Clement Wood in "The Berkshires in April" has given us a lovely picture. Mary Caroline Davis, in her "Day Before April" has let us glimpse Nature at her best, and Robert Frost gives a charm to all the common-place things about the farm, that have to many of seemed until visioned through the eyes of an artist, somewhat ordinary. His "Blueberries", "After Apple Picking", and "Mending Wall", are typical of his work.

One of our finest lyrists, Sara Teasedale, tells us in her "

"There will Come a Soft Rain", that

Robins will wear their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on a low fence wire.

There will come soft rain, and the smell of the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound.

We know what the Japanese mean when they say through a represent-
ative author, Aralsida Moritake,

"Ah yes! as a convolvulus
To-day my life-time will appear."

and from Nari Hiri

who writes of "Spring" "If earth but ceased to offer to my sight
The beauteous cherry trees, when blossoming,
Ah, they indeed, with peaceful pure delight-
My heart might revellin the joys of Spring."

The cherry tree is a matter of worship to the Japanese, and they
have chosen well. Our English poet, A. E. Houseman, has immor-
talized it for us. Weldon Johnson, and ^{our} Louis Untermeyer have
given us thought on the question of the Japanese and the Chinese
poetry, but this paper cannot include everything, and is con-
fined to the British and American contributions for the most part.

Poetry is not the instrument essentially of the utilitarian.
One cannot but notice, however, how very suggestive in every di-
rection it has become. Of the many verses written for and about
animals, perhaps none is more famous---than "The Bull" of Ralph
Hodgson, but this same poet has written a very short, ten-line
poem that is bound to make people think. He calls it "Stupidity
Street." It will have its share of influence in bringing about
a reform in the exploitation of animals for entertainment of
shallow people.

One of our finest lyrists, John Keats, wrote us in his

"There will come a soft rain," that

Keats will wear his best lines
Waiting their wings on a low June air.

There will come soft rain, and the smell of the ground,
And sweeten the air with their shining sound.

We know that the Japanese were when they say through a landscape

active author, Arishida Noriaki,

"All year! as a conventional
To-day my life-time will appear."

and then Earl Hall

who writes of "Sorrow" "It is a hard, but sacred, to suffer to my life.
The Japanese cherry tree, when blossoming,
is, that is, the cherry tree, which is the symbol of life.
My heart is full of the joy of life."

The cherry tree is a symbol of sorrow, and the

have chosen well. Our English poet, A. E. Housman, has chosen

told us for us. John Keats, and John Keats

given us a thought on the question of the Japanese and the cherry

poetry, but this poem is not a poem, and is not

time to the British and American poets for the last time.

Keats is not the inventor of the metaphor of the cherry

One cannot get better, however, but very suggestive in every di-

rection it has become. In the many verses written for and about

animals, perhaps none is more famous--than "The Ball" of John

Keats, but this poem has been a very short, and

been that is hard to make people think. It is a little bit

great. It will have the effect of bringing to the

a return in the excitement of animals for the sake of

human people.

'Twould ring the bells of heaven,
 The wildest peal for years,
 If Parson lost his senses,
 And people came to theirs,
 And he and they together
 Knelt down with angry prayers,
 For tamed and shabby tigers,
 And dancing dogs and bears,
 And wretched blind-pit ponies,
 And little, hunted, hares."

Stupidity Street is a plea to save the song birds, who not only give us music, but who save the crops, enabling us to be fed, yet "Stupidity Street" goes right on, killing them.

There is a strong tendency to save, protect, and appreciate the lower animals. "The Road to Vagabondia" has an appeal to all lovers of dogs, and "The Donkey" is raised from his low estate by D. K. Chesterton, who says in his last verse;

"Fools...I also had my hour;
 One far, fierce hour, and sweet;
 There was a shout about my ears,
 and palms before my feet."

Men are now articulating their rhythmical utterance to some purpose; I say men advisedly, for it is they who more particularly deal with the service of the lower creatures. Women, too, will be more apt to refrain from buying the feathers of the song birds when they know the cost to the world for one feather from the "Bird of Paradise." We all should read that beautiful poem of Yeats called, "The Indian Upon God", in which the creatures speak as if God was the embodiment of each of them. The peacock speaks last, and Yeats in his inimitable way has likened the tail of the peacock to the great expanse of heaven covered with stars. The whole poem is worth reading many times. Yeats is one of our best! All such verses help us to understand ourselves, widen our sympathies, beautifies life for us, and gives more value to it, and

gives us pleasure, by training the imagination to see and appreciate the things most worth while. After some weeks work with a class in the study of poetry, I asked for original poems. Among others this one called "Night", came to me, and I consider it worthy of a place here as showing what a young girl who loves the beautiful, and only needed to be trained to express it, could do.

The Night.

Softly it steals o'er us,
 The night--
 Gently hiding from us
 The light.

Deftly it slips o'er us
 A curtain black,
 Covered with tiny stars,
 And farther back
 Among the folds, a moon.

Then softly it goes from us,
 The night--
 And drawing away the curtain,
 Reveals the light.

Lucy Larcom worked in a factory, but she also worked out of it. Florence Wilkinson has shown how blunted children's lives become from the dull monotony and long hours and unhealthy surroundings in her "Flower Factory", which ought to help towards the relief of such children. These little children could not see in "The Night", what the young girl who wrote the above verses saw in it. Day and night both were little more than a continual nightmare. No one can tell to what extent poetry will influence these various situations, but we do know that the more they are brought to the attention of the public, the more thought is liable to concentrate on them. This poem is not sentimental---but it has true sentiment---which is vastly different.

given as a present, by which the American people are made
to know the things that are going on in the world.
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others have been called "The Night", and I consider it
worthy of a place here in showing what a young girl can do
beautiful, and only needed to be trained to express it, could do.

The Night

Softly it comes, a'or us,
The night--
Gently night, from us
The light.

Softly it comes a'or us
A certain light,
Covered with tiny stars,
And father back
Across the hills, a star.

Then softly it goes from us,
The night--
And drifting away the curtain,
Reveals the light.

Lucy Larson worked in a factory, but she also worked out of it.
Florence Wilkinson has shown her children's things from
from the full roomy and long house and apartment surroundings
in her "Flower Factory", which could be said to have the right
of such children. These little children could not see in "The
Night", what the young girl who wrote the above poem saw in it.
Day and night both were little more than a continual night.
No one can tell to what extent poetry will influence these
young children, but we do know that the more they are brought
to the attention of the public, the more fruitful in results
concentrate on them. This poem is not sentimental--but it has
that sentiment--which is really beautiful.

There is a strong tendency to discuss without the former reservation, the question of sex. We hear it talked of freely from the lecture platform, in the newspapers, in the schools and colleges, and it is but natural to find it in the new poetry. This may have been brought about because of the terrible conditions increased by the late war, and now, in the reconstruction period, everything possible is being done to place the matter on a right basis. It cannot be ignored, and conditions will only be improved through enlightenment, never through ignorance.

Always prominent as a subject for verse, varying from time to time according to customs and traditions, people during and since the war have begun to talk more about it, with a hope of remedying much needless suffering, and a wholly new aspect of the sex question, now openly exists with the youth of to-day. The poetry portrays the emotional life at every turn. Poetry would not be poetry without emotion, but, as has been said before, the artist whom we recognize as a genius, has the intellectual quality also in his verse, to give it the balance that will cause it to endure.

One of the greatest of love lyrics is that powerful one by Grace Fallow Norton.

"For there is a flame that has blown too near,
And there is a flame that has grown too dear,
And there is a fear.....

And to the still hills and cool earth, and far sky
I made moan,
The heart in my bosom is not my own!"

O would I were as free as the wind on wing;
Love is a terrible thing."

Irene Rutherford McCleod has given us many of these lyrics. Sara Teasedale's bit of coquetry in "The Song for Colin", is pathetic for the young lad at least, if not for us.

There is a strong tendency to discuss without any further investigation, the question of sex. We find it in the press and in the lecture platform, in the newspaper, in the school and college, and it is not unusual to find it in the most obscure. This may have been brought about because of the existing conditions, increased by the late war, and now, in the reconstruction period, everything possible is being done to place the matter on a right basis. It cannot be ignored; and conditions will only be improved through intelligent men, never through ignorance.

Always prominent as a subject for verse, varying from the time according to custom and tradition, people desire and since the war have begun to talk more about it, with a host of translations much needed in the literature, and a wholly new aspect of the sex question, now openly exists with the youth of today. The poetry expressive of emotional life at every turn. Poetry would not be poetry without emotion, but, as has been said before, the artist when he recognizes as a genius, has the intellectual quality also in his verse, to give it the balance that will cause it to endure.

One of the greatest of love lyrics is that powerful one

by Grace Follen Norton.

"For there is a flame that has blown the rose,
And there is a flame that has grown the rose,
And there is a tear....."

And to the still hills and pool earth, and the sky
I make appeal,
The heart is of passion is not my own!"

"I would I were as free as the wind on wing;
Love is a terrible thing."

Lyons' "The Heart" has given the name of these lyrics.
"The Heart" is a bit of country in "The Song for Colin", is
dedicated for the young and at heart, it is not for us.

"Pierrot laid down his lute to weep,
And sighed, "She sings for me!"
But Colin slept a careless sleep
Beneath an apple tree."

The tendency for the lyric to hold to its rhyme scheme is rather strongly marked in all the anthologies.

MOODS of every description seem to be a tendency---the poet catches at a passing thought or fancy, and we get a poem! One such, by T. E. Brown, illustrates not only a particular mood, but reflects the doubt and uncertainty and restlessness, through which we, as a people are passing. He calls it "My Garden."

"A garden is a lovely thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed grot---
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not-----
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine".

Emily Dickenson, considered by many critics, (as) one of the choicest of poets, has expressed the same idea.

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If immortality unveil
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
As these that twice befell,
Parting is all we know of heaven
And all we need of hell."

Another mood is discovered in Maxwell Bodenheim's "Forgetfulness."
This man understands.

"Happier than green-kirtled apple trees
Waving their soft rimmed fans of light,
And taking the morning mists in quick breaths,
You sit in the woven meditation and surprise
Of a morning uncovering its wind-wreathed head.
And yet, within the light stillness of your soul
Dream-heavy guards sleep uneasily
Over the body of your last slain sorrow."

"I have found the life to be
And I have found the life to be
And I have found the life to be
And I have found the life to be

The tendency for the lyric to hold on the edge where it is

usually found in all the other places.

MOODS of every description seem to be a tendency--the poet

is a certain amount of fancy, and he has a good deal of

I. E. Brown, illustrates not only a particular mood, but

the mood and the tendency and the tendency, through which we

a mood and the tendency. He calls it "the mood."

"A garden is a lovely thing, God said!

God said!

God said!

God said!

God said!

God said!

God said!

God said!

God said!

Daily Dickens, considered by many critics, as one of the

of course, has expressed the same idea.

My life closed twice before its close;

It yet remains to see

It is a mystery

A thing even to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive

As those that twice befell;

Parting is all we know of heaven

And all we need of hell."

Another mood is discovered in Wordsworth's "Forrestalness."

This was understood.

"Another mood is discovered in Wordsworth's 'Forrestalness'."

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HUMOR does exist to a certain extent, but is not an outstanding tendency. Its appearance for the most part is confined to the occasional lyric, or the less attractive "jazz" type. Of course the children's poetry reflects it, and this is as it should be. History--this is what the war means to them.

SUBJECT MATTER of every kind is used. There is still much respect for the elemental subjects---life, love, children, religion, death; the emphasis is on the things about us. Subject matter is much more static than style, which is constantly undergoing tremendous changes. The fact that so much attention is given to MOODS shows the tendency to accent the importance of the individual. This finds its reflection very naturally in the poetry of to-day, since everywhere is stressed in the professional world, that the individual is pre-eminently the objective in all teaching.

HAPPINESS IN THE PRESENT, and morals by group consensus is suggested everywhere, rather than didactic moralism of former times. THERE IS PRACTICALLY NONE OF THE LATTER.

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standing tendency. Its appearance but the most part is con-
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HAPPINESS IN THE PRESENT, and made by their own
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Chapter 111

STILL FURTHER ASPECTS

OF

THE NEW POETRY

THE NEW POETRY

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Going to the anthologies seemed to me the best procedure to study the SOURCES of the new poetry, giving much time to the intensive study of a few, and browsing in many more to become saturated with its spirit and its meaning. The bibliography attached to this paper shows the anthologies particularly selected, but in addition to this it may be well to suggest some pre-eminently outstanding names that I have especially enjoyed, and recommend to those interested in the subject.

In England and Ireland these would be Walter de la Mare, Kipling, Rupert Brooke, Alfred Noyes, John McCrae, William Butler Yeats, Francis Carlin, A. E. Russell, A. E. Houseman, James Stevens, Robert Bridges, Padraic Colum, Alice Meynell, W. H. Davies, Thomas Hardy, John Masefield, Francis Thompson, William Wilfred Gibson and ^{overs} (Louis Untermeyer,) and Lord Dunsany.

The list is long, and the above names are merely suggestive. Those from America might include the present-day poets who are making themselves better known through their lecture work.

Kipling, belonging in England, should appear in the other list. But here we may include Edwin Markham, Vachel Lindsay, Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and others. Some of the favorites, not necessarily living to-day, but read and loved are; Josephine Preston Peabody, Carl Sandburg, Eunice Tietjens Witter Bynner, Edwin Arlington Robinson, John Gould Fletcher, Francis Ledwidge, Arthur D. Ficke, Conrad Aiken, Alan Seegar Henry Van Dyke, and the Conklings.

Emily Dickenson is thought by many to be of more importance than some of these named. A touch from her impressionable and sensitive mind is taken from "In A Garden". She has been observing a robin who is after a worm.

"He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious,
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,
Too silver for a seam,
Or butterflies off banks of noon,
Leap splashless, as they swim.

Conrad Aiken speaks in his "Modern American Poets", of the one-poem poet being so prominent in many anthologies. I find, as a rule, practically the same groups of poets appearing in the different volumes, which is somewhat indicative of the possible survivals.

I have delved into the Braithwaite year books, but it was a most uninteresting task, for there is such a bulk of rubbish to be poured before one finds the really choice thing.

The anthologist appears to take into consideration his own liking for a poet, as well as to what extent he is generally esteemed by the public. Mr. Aiken leaves out Carl Sandburg, and Edgar Lee Masters, and Untermeyer stresses the importance of them both. As in all things else, there is nine-tenths in the point of view, as to who is, and who is not worth while in the world of poetry.

As to TYPES, the poets have been variously classified. Miss Wilkinson divides them into the conservatives, among whom she places such poets as Katherine Lee Bates, and Alfred Noyes, and the radicals, who go straight to the root of the matter, as the name implies. Carl Sandburg, Jean Starr Untermeyer, and Alfred Kreymborg she puts here. She calls them "oratorical, humanitarian radicals", who "seem to love life---even violently."

"He stirred his velvet head"

Like one in danger; and
I listened like a hawk;
And he unrolled his tongue
And showed his better part

Then came divide the ocean,
The silver for a word,
Or further off banks of noon,
Each collected, as they swim.

Conrad Allen speaks in his "Robertsonian Poems", of the eye-
good poet being as prominent in every anthropologist. I find, as a
rule, practically the same group of words occurring in the all-
terest volume, which is somewhat indicative of the words in the
vital.

I have delved into the Smithsonian year books, but it
was a most uninteresting task, for there is such a wealth of
rich to be mined before one finds the really choice things.
The anthropologist comes to this in his consideration
his own living for a word, as well as what extent he is generally
estimated by the public. Mr. Allen leaves out very many, and
Egbert Lee Masters, and Christopher Laswell, the importance of their
work. As in all things else, there is no-thing in the point
of view, as to who is, and who is not worth while in the world
of poetry.

As to TYPE, the poets have been variously classified.
Miss Winkler divides them into the conservative, modern, and
the classic such poets as Katherine Lee Bates, and Alfred Henry,
and the radicals, who go straight to the root of the matter, as
the more modern. Carl Sandburg, John Edgar Hoover, and
Alfred Kroeber are the poets. The poets then "conservative",
humanitarian, rational, and "poets to love life--even violently."

who have tried to create poems without using the traditional patterns, whereas the conservatives do not create their poems after contemporary fashions, but follow the best in established traditions.

Louis Untermeyer chooses to make quite a different classification. He calls them "Rhapsodists", heading the list with James Oppenheim, "Traditionalists", such as George Santanya and George Sterling, "Impressionists", of which class Adelaide Crapsey is a good example, "Expressionists", illustrated in the work of Maxwell Bodenheim and our friends, the lyrists. He considers the best American lyrists to-day to be Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elinor Wylie, the Benets, Jean Starr Untermeyer, the loved poet, Witter Bynner, and John Wheelock.

In his "American Poetry Since 1900", he has given as his opinion that the first five great names in to-day's poetry are: Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, E. A. Robinson, Vachel Lindsay, and Edgar Lee Masters. I was glad to see Frost's name here, elsewhere used in this paper as a poet of the "Common things that round us lie"; every one should be familiar with his "Birches", "Hyla Brook", "The Sound of Tress", Blueberries, "The Oven Trees", "The Wood-Pile, and "Mending Wall." Walt Whitman would be delighted with Robert Frost. I especially like "The Road Not Taken", closing with the meaningful lines,

"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I---
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has madd all the difference."

Untermeyer's classification of the poets is an essentially individual one; I have seen nothing like it elsewhere.

He has not forgotten the negro poetry of the new kind, nor

The "Cerebralists", or the "Intellectualists"; Ezra Pound, Marianne Moore, E. E. Cummings, Wallace Stevens, Maxwell Bodenheim, and T. S. Eliot. The last named certainly is a cerebralist. Untermeyer says that simplicity is more foreign to him than mountains to the moon, and his "Sunday Morning Service" is sufficient proof of this criticism. He is referring to tainted money, and says;

"The sable presbyters approach
The avenues of penitence:
The young are red and pustular,
Clutching piaculative pence."

The next stanza is equally entertaining. ? ? ?

Polyphiloprogenitive
The sapient subtlers of the Lord
Drift across the window-panes:
In the beginning was the word."

Critics vary as to the worth of this man. Some of them call his "Waste Land" the finest poem of this generation. Here is a sample of it, which sounds to me as if the man was absolutely crazy. It illustrates one of the new tendencies---that of Freedom---freedom to excess: if freedom is to be worth anything, it must be governed by certain restrictions. "Obedience to law is liberty" in verse as in everything else.

"But at my back, from time to time I hear,
The sound of horns and motors which shall bring
Sweeney to Mrs. Porter's in the Spring.
Oh, the moon shines bright on Mrs. Porter,
And on her daughter.
They wash their feet in soda water
Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la couple!"

If either of these are poetry I have never understood poetry. How can this man have any following! But he has. He is called an "Intellectualist", but one of Burns' songs will outlive him.

It all sounds like a bit of joyride expressed in quite free verse. Mr. Untermeyer says that "Glorification of Incoherence" is scarcely a step away. From stuff like this, Eliot turns whimsically to verse such as he has given us in "The Hippotamus".

Another illustration of what I call modern "Rubbish", and there is too much of it, goes like this.

"Sinclair has bought a new-top hat,
A jetty coat, and honey gloves,
A cane, topped by a glass-eyed cat,
And Sinclair goes to meet his loves."

This gets worse as we proceed, which shows what is resorted under the name of "Humor."

The "Indifferent" or somewhat neutral group are midway between taking a stand with either the radicals or the conservatives. They have allied themselves with no class, and do as they please as individuals.

THE AMOUNT OF THE NEW POETRY is startling; there seems to be an epidemic of it. Thousands of poems are rejected each year by the publishers besides the thousands that appear in print. Several magazines give their entire space to modern poetry: verse appears in prolific amount in the daily and weekly papers: magazine verse appears in many of our best periodicals: societies for the promotion of the creative work, and study of the best poetry of the past have been organized. The schools from the kindergarten on, are showing a tremendous interest in the subject. 200 magazines sending out constantly their best are bound to make their influence felt. Of these "Poet Lore", "The Poetry Magazine", "Poetry Reviewed" and "Contemporary Verse" publish nothing else. This list could be greatly enlarged. "The Gleam"---a little magazine of High School verse, is doing much toward giving an impetus to the work in

secondary schools all over the country. I remember when, about four years ago, a group of interested teachers met at one of our Boston Hotels, to initiate the "Poetry Club of America." Then and there "The Gleam" was given its name, from whose contents two exceedingly worth-while anthologies have already made their appearance. An occasional contribution from recognized outside talent serves as a stimulus to the young people.

In the 1927 "Year-Book", between 1700 and 1800 poems? were published!

"How much of paper spoiled, what floods of ink!
And yet, how few, how very few, can think!"

The SONNET form has been immensely cultivated. It covers the tendency of brevity in its compact fourteen lines, and has been experimented with many times, and on all subjects, but the great sonnet sequence, that of William Ellery Leonard, formerly a professor of Boston University, is The outstanding sonnet sequence.

THE CHILDREN'S INTEREST IN POETRY.

An observing little six-year-old girl, "talked" these lines to her mother, who wrote them down. Asked to repeat them she had lost the lilt and the rhythm, but it is as natural for children to measure off their speech into rhythmical accents as to breathe. This is Nancy's "Poem".

"The blacksmith shoes the colt to-day,
To-morrow he will shoe the mare;
The colt doth kick,
The mare doth plunge;
The blacksmith goes right on;
He cares not what the horses do
If he can shoe them both."

This is the way poetry grows. There is something in the mind that must be expressed, and Nancy's "story", as she called it, may well be classified now as free verse.

Much is being written for children, about children, and much is being contributed by the children themselves. Little Hilda Conkling says, (and we may well listen to such a philosophy of life),

"If I am happy, and you,
And there are things to do,
It seems to me the reason
Of this world."

This child makes us see through the eyes of a child many things which we might overlook in our search for beauty.

The Haycock .

There is another kind of sweetness
Shaped like a bee-hive;
This is the hive the bees have left;
It is from this clover heap
They took away the honey from the other hive.

Daisies.

Snow-white shawls...
Golden faces...
Country-side, hillside, wayside, people...
Little market women
Selling dew and yellow flower
To make bread
From some city of elves.

And this from a child poet---What a contrast to the formalism in the poem of "Clarabelle", found in the old school readers. Such a child as Clarabelle was not a paragon, but an absurdity. Such children do not exist. The poet made her---not God.

This is the very poetry of the mind
that must be expressed, and "poetry" as the called it, may
well be classified now as free verse.
Much is being written for children, about children, and much
is being contributed by the children themselves.
Little White (and) the story, (and as my will listen to such a
philosophy of life).

"If I am happy, and you
And there are things to do,
It seems to me the reason
Of this world."

This child makes us see through the eyes of a child's way
things which we might overlook in our search for beauty.

The Honeycomb

There is another kind of sweetness
Spiced like a bee-hive;
This is the hive the bees have left;
It is this other honey
They took away the honey from the other hive.

Epilogue

Once-white snows...
Golden trees...
Country-side, hills, valleys, people...
Little water towers
Behind the yellow flower
To some bread
From some city of silver.

And this from a child's point--What a contrast to the formalism in
the poem of "Christina", found in the old school readers. Such
a child as Christina was not a poetess, but an enthusiast. Such
children do not exist. The poet made her--not God.

Hilda's poetry follows a pattern as truly as does that of grown-ups, and shows decidedly the "Tendencies" of the times. This child's mother, Grace Conkling writes beautifully, and the gift has been passed on.

Little Nathalia Crane is another child poet who is attracting considerable attention. Her vocabulary, and her general style seem incredible for a ten-year-old. The theosophists would say she had lived before and was now in another incarnation! One of her best is called "The Janitor's Boy." She was greatly surprised one day to find herself in print, and her publishers were surprised when this handsome little girl walked into their offices and announced herself.

Poems about children are numerous. One of the loveliest is Carl Sandburg's "Child". It is a religious poem in its suggestiveness through Nature pictures; it reminds one in its simplicity, of Holman Hunt's portrayal of Christ in the Temple before the Doctors. Hunt's picture is more simple than the popular one by Hoffman, and shows the innocence and candor of childhood, exactly as Sandburg has pictured it in his verse. People vary very much about Sandburg. Some critics say that John Gould Fletcher, Eunice Tietjens, and Carl Sandburg are the greatest of any living free verse writers.

Another exquisite poem about the child Jesus, is by Lizette Reese, and starts,

"The ox put forth his horned head;
Come, little Lord, make here Thy bed."

The utilitarian aspect of poetry comes out in such lines as,

"They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one,
Little children who have never learned to play:
Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache to-day.

.....

Wilde's poetry follows a pattern as truly as does that of Browning, and shows decidedly the "romantic" of the time. This child's mother, Grace Constance, writes beautifully, and the little book passed on.

Little Katharine Green is another child poet who is distinguished by characteristic attention. Her vocabulary, and her general style seem indicative of a ten-year-old. The illustrations would say she had lived before and was now in another incarnation! One of her best is called "The Landlord's Boy." She was greatly surprised one day to find herself in print, and her publishers were surprised when this handsome little girl walked into their offices and answered to herself.

Poems about children are numerous. One of the loveliest is Carl Sandburg's "Child." It is a real, downy poem in its sensitiveness, through Nature's distance; it reaches one in its simplicity, of which Sandburg's portrayal of Christ in the Temple tells the Doctor. Sand's object is more simple than the popular one by Holman, and shows the innocence and earnest of childhood, as so often as Sandburg has pictured it in his verse. People very very much about Sandburg. Some critics say that John John's "Children's Treasures," and Carl Sandburg are the equivalent of any living three verse writers.

Another excellent poem about the child Jesus, is by Lisette Kasse, and starts, "The or out forth the Horned Lamb; Come, little Lord, who take Thy bed." The utilitarian aspect of poetry comes out in such lines as, "They are winding up of roses, one by one, one by one, little children who have never learned to play; Treasures softly crying that are lights come to-day."

They have never seen a rose-bush, nor a dewdrop in the sun.

.....

They will dream of cotton petals, endless, crimson, suffocating,
Never of a wild-rose thicket, or the singing of a cricket,
But the ambulance will bellow through the wanness of their dreams:

.....

Let them have a long, long playtime, Lord of Toil, when toil is done,
Fill their baby hands with roses, joyous roses of the sun."

.....

Kipling says, "Spring has found the maple grove, sap is running free!"
but Daly's "Leetla Boy" did not live to see the Springtime.

"Da leetla plant ees glad for know
Da sun ees come for mak eet grow.
Da leetla girl dat's livin' dere,
Ees raise her window for da air,
And put outside a leetla pot of---
Wa't you call?---forgat-me-not."

Daly knew exactly how to do this kind of work! in Italian and Irish.

Wilma Cannon("In the Beginning), has as an illustration
of what can be done by a clever high school girl given us some-
thing rather remarkable. It was published in "Dawn", an anthol-
ogy produced by those interested in the little magazine of verse
called "The Gleam", before referred to. Within the same covers
is a poem called "What Things I Can". Both these poems were
written by pupils near Boston.

"What things I can give, those I will,
Thought-gifts, not fashioned by a mortal hand:
A sense of calm, unhurried wonder at the days
God makes for us, and love for ways
The seasons come and go across the land,
And how to keep a high, brave heart
Against the world, and have great love
For beauteous things, and how to steal the smart
Of sorrow, by great faith in good,
Because I have great faith. If I could
Give more than these things, I would fill
Your heart with them, but these I can give, and I will."

A fine ideal for a lad to carry out of the high school and into
the world!

人 物 表

[illegible]

— 4 —

We cannot leave this whole matter without referring to Walter de la Mare's "Peacock Pie;" Ever joyous to children of all ages, and to adults as well. Like "Alice in Wonderland", "Peacock Pie" belongs to all of us. Everything in it is "delicious".

"It's a very odd thing,
As odd as can be,
That whatever Miss T. eats
Turns into Miss T.
Porridge and apples,
Mince, muffins and mutton,
Jam, junket, jumbles,
Not a rap, not a button
It matters; the moment
They're out of her plate,
Though shared by Miss Butcher
And sour Mr. Bate,
Tiny and cheerful,
As neat as can be,
Whatever Miss T. eats
Turns into Miss T."

Since the arrival on the scene of Walter de la Mare and James Stevens^{ph}, we hear less of our loved James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Fields, and Stevenson. All are needed, but the new broom sweeps clean as usual.

The poetry being written for children to-day, centres around the child's growing interests, and is, according to all modern educational theory, on the right track. It is following both in spirit and in structure the same tendencies as that written for adults.

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF POETRY?

Its purpose is essentially to inspire, instruct, entertain, refresh, and spiritually sustain. Through its study we should be better able to cope with life; We should find relaxation from routine, many hours of enjoyment,

a renewed sympathy with our fellows, and definite comfort and strength in time of sorrow.

Our imagination should be stimulated, our visions enlarged; our love for beauty in all its forms increased constantly. Our appreciation of the great thoughts back of the symbols should become more and more sensitive to the finer suggestiveness of poetry. The poet is a great religious teacher, and we shall be amply rewarded for whatever time we spend with them, for they fortify and encourage, and feed the yearnings of the human soul.

DOES THE NEW POETRY MEET THE ACID TEST?

William Lyon Phelps says he sees no reason for either attacking or defending it. "True Poetry", he says, "is recognizable in any garment." Our own Professor Black used to say that he made it a daily practice to memorize at least twenty lines of real poetry.

Let us patiently wait and see what happens. It is too early now to know what the outcome of all this agitation will be. There was a time when it was considered a disgrace to read Whitman. To-day it is almost a disgrace not to know something about him, because it is recognized that we owe so much, as a nation, to him. Ibsen was thought indecent; even the "Doll House" was tabooed. It is safe to say that John Masefield will live long after a man like Eliot is forgotten. Only such poets will survive as have a message, a message for HUMANITY. This is the acid test. What does John Drinkwater say? "If the poet speaks to his generation, it is because the heart of the child and the heart of the man are in him," and John Drinkwater is a man worth listening to. His "Ways of Poetry" is delightful, and authoritative.

is answered accordingly with our fellow, and delightfully enough and
strength in line of action.

Our imagination should be stimulated, our vision enlarged;
our love for beauty is all the more increased constantly. Our
association of the great thought of the world should
become more and more sensitive to the finer suggestions of
poetry. The poet is a great teacher, and we should be
much rewarded for whatever time we spend with him, for they
teach us and encourage, and lead the way to the human world.

DOES THE NEW POETRY MEET THE AGE TEST?

William Joyce Thomas says he goes to school for either
accuracy or balance in "The Poet", he says, "the poet-
able in the present." But our first-act which used to say
that he made it a really practice to measure it by the
lines of real poetry.

But is poetry really with us? What response. It is too
early now to know what the outcome of all this criticism will be.
There was a time when it was considered a disgrace to read William
Joyce in a library; a library was not to have anything to do with
him. It is recognized that he was a poet, to him,
there was though; indeed, even the "John House" was founded.
It was to say that John Keats had all this for a while
after is forgotten. Only such poets will survive as have a message
for humanity. This is the test. What does John
Keats say? "If the poet speaks to the world, it is for
cause the heart of the child and the heart of the man in him,"
and John Keats is a man with a message. His "Ode on a Grecian
Urn" is beautiful, and suggestive.

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH---DOGAMA GOES.

RELIGION is prevalent in the new poetry, but it comes to us through suggestion, rather than moralizing. Some critics tell us that we are living in a Godless age, while others say that the period through which we are now passing is an intensely religious one. The serious side of life, naturally confronting us in every age, is more adequately dealt with in the new, suggestive poetry, than through the more formal plan. To our own loved professor, Dr. Warmingham, whose "Mystery" and "Raison D'Etire", have already been quoted in this paper, we owe the following.

THE GARDEN AND THE TOMB.

God placed the first man whom He made,
 Within a garden fair;
 And walked with him in the cool of the day,
 And talked with him in that confident way
 That a God may assume
 Toward one with whom
 He would fellowship alway:
 Yet, there in the shade of that garden fair
 Man found the way of sin and despair,
 And the silent gloom of the tomb.

They laid the Christ in a silent tomb
 Within a garden fair;
 Those friends of His, at the end of day
 Of deep despair; and went their way
 In sorrow and gloom
 Over one with whom
 They had hoped to reign alway.
 But out of the gloom of that sepulchre
 He walked to Life, in that garden fair,
 And shattered with light---the tomb!

=====

I heard them in their sadness say,
 "The earth rebukes the thought of God;
 We are but embers wrapped in clay,
 A little nobler than the sod."

But I have touched the lips of clay!
 Mother, thy rudest sod to me
 Is filled with fire of hidden day,
 And haunted by all mystery.

RELIGION is prevalent in the new poetry, but it comes to us through suggestion, rather than moralizing. Some critics tell us that we are living in a "Golden Age," while others say that the period through which we are now passing is an intensely religious one. The religious side of life, naturally confronting us in every age, is more adequately dealt with in the new, suggestive poetry, than through the more formal plan. To our own loved poet, Dr. Wainwright, whose "Mystic" and "Religious Lyrics," have already been quoted in this paper, we owe the following:

IN GARDEN AND THE TOWER.

And placed the first and when he wrote,
Within a garden fair;
And walked with him in the cool of the day,
And talked with him in that confident way
That a God may have
Toward one with whom
He would fellowship
Yet, there in the shade of that garden fair
Men found the way of him and God,
And the silent place of the tower.

They laid the Christ in a silent place
Within a garden fair;
Those friends of his, at the end of day
Of their dwelling; and went their way
In sorrow and pain
Gone one with whom
They had hoped to return always.
But out of the flood of that anguish
He walked to life, in that garden fair,
And shattered with light--the tower!

WITH UNUSUAL POWER

I heard them in their anguish say,
"The earth rejoices in the thought of God;
We are not alone rejoiced in life,
A little nobler than the rest."

But I have touched the life of life;
I have seen the light of life;
I have seen the light of life;
And I have seen the light of life.

Death

Broken moments, gathered slowly
 One by one;
 All the deeps of love and laughter,
 Finger-clasps and white desires,
 Little half-remembered things
 Gently flung upon the wings
 Of a mounting, spreading wave,
 Poised and gleaming,-
 All the seeming
 Opened wide, to the tide;

Life hesitates---
 And drops its long wave of broken, shining crystals
 In the sun, one by one.

Ethel Rockwell.

This student in Boston University understands---she has lived---The texture of the poem---its superb combination of strength and delicacy is felt in every word.

The human yearning of a father is expressed in the following. The soul hunger finds its articulation in poetry. This is why we cannot live without it, without great loss in the richness of life.

At morn and at eve I have often sat,
 A beautiful angel on either side,
 With a heart so full it could scarcely beat,
 Of a father's love, and a father's pride.
 Each gentle head with its golden hair
 Leaned down to my shoulder in loving embrace,
 While into the eyes and over the lips
 Came the glorious look of an angel's face.

Two eyes there were of heavenly blue,
 Opening as out of the realms above,
 With a look so strangely wise and true,
 Revealing the depths of infinite love;
 Two others, with fringes dark and long,
 As brown as the bed of a woodland stream,
 Shone out with loving light and joy,
 And beauty surpassing a poet's dream.

Broken windows, scattered glass,
One by one;
All the doors of love and laughter,
Lingered open on the breeze,
Little half-remembered things
Lately found upon the stairs
Of a mountain, overgrown with
Pines and ferns,
All the seasons
Of the life, to the life;

Life fastened--
And those the long years of broken, shining crystals
In the sun, one by one.

Michael Rostovtzeff

This student in Gordon University understands--the law
lived--the texture of the poem--the rugged combination of
strength and delicacy is felt in every word.
The human yearning of a father is expressed in the follow-
ing. The soul hunger finds its satisfaction in poetry. This is
why we cannot live without it, without great loss to the richness
of life.

At dawn and at eve I have often sat,
A beautiful sunset on either side,
With a heart so full it would overflow,
Of a father's love, and a father's pride.
Each gentle word with the golden hair
Lined down to my shoulder in loving care,
With into the eyes and over the face
Came the glorious look of an angel's face.

Two eyes deep with heavenly blue,
Gazing as out at the tender blue,
With a look so intensely kind and true,
Revealing the depths of loving care,
Two others, with tender hair and face,
As brown as the bed of a mountain stream,
Shone out with loving light and joy,
And heavily cushioning a mother's dream.

Oh precious scene too sweet to last,
 Treasures too blessed to long remain,
 Will they never comfort my aching heart,
 Or gladden my longing eyes again?
 Or were they taken for higher joys,
 For future blessings in place of tears,
 As we take from children the costly gifts
 We wish to preserve for their ripwr years?

Alfred Noyes says;

If it can bestow on one
 Pilgrim here beneath the sun,
 Wanderer o'er the world's wide sea,
 Half the gladness born of pain,
 I shall not have sung in vain.

He shows us his idea of

God's Gift.

one of the choicest poems I have found.

There's but one gift that all our dead desire,
 One gift that men can give, and that's a dream,
 Unless we, too, can burn with that same fire
 Of sacrifice; die to the things that seem;

Die to the little hatreds, die to greed;
 Die to the old, ignoble selves we knew;
 Die to the base contempts of sects and creed,
 And rise again, like these, with souls as true.

Nay(since these died before their tasks were finished)
 Attempt new heights, bring even their dreams to birth;-
 Build us that better world, O, not diminished
 By one true splendor that they planned on earth.

And that's not done by word, or tongue, or pen.
 There's but one way; God make us better men.

" Seeming Death becomes Life
 When we understand God!
 Sorrow becomes Joy when we realize their gain!
 Prayers of supplication become prayers of gratitude
 As we reflect on the infinite blessings remaining to us!
 Loss brings the inner light;
 Service brings the strength:
 Strength brings back Hope:
 Hope becomes Faith:
 And "With Faith, one endures all the rest."

I believe that one's faith in God is strengthened^{ed} and kept alive in no finer way, than by contact with those fine minds keen to the best and truest in life, and that poetry is a channel for help, unique in its demands, and open to all. The only requirement made is to put yourself into a receptive frame of mind, and try to be saturated with the message of the poem. Browning has said that the discords of life make us better appreciate the harmonies, and if we look for the music from day to day, we shall find it everywhere.

DOES THE POETRY REFLECT THE TIMES?

Yes, decidedly; never was there a time when changes were more rapid; when science was sweeping ahead so fast, when so much attention was being paid to the individual child, it is small wonder that the child does not think himself both the centre and circumference of the universe, instead, as formerly, a small portion of it. Mere children dictate to fathers and mothers, respect for age is not as prevalent as it should be, life seems to be superficial, and light entertainment must be continuous, to satisfy.

The trains, the streets, the boats, the trolleys, are overflowing with people who seem to have no further objective apparently than to have their fling, at whatever cost; to crowd they way to the point where they are conspicuous, regardless of the comfort of others. This is not written in a spirit of pessimism; it is written as a result of study. Naturally optimistic, whatever happens, I turn to the other side of the question.

When the great heart of the country is called upon to meet exigencies, the response is immediate.

The young boys and girls, too, are every bit as fine as they ever were; more frank, more independent, but at heart,

I believe that one's life is God in disguise and that

there is no finer way, than by contact with those things
near to the heart and truest in life, and that poetry is a channel
for help, untried in its demands, and open to all. The only re-
sistance was in to our yourself into a receptive frame of mind,
and try to be saturated with the message of the poem. Everything
has said that the discourse of life makes no better acquaintance the
humanities, and it is for the sake of the human to say to him, we shall
find it everywhere.

THE POETRY REMAINS THE SAME

Yes, basically; never was there a time when things were
more rapid; when science was pursuing things so fast, when we were
astonished was being said to the individual child, it is small
matter that the child does not think himself both the cause and
effectiveness of the universe, indeed, as formerly, a small por-
tion of it. More children die to poverty and poverty, re-
spect for age is not as prevalent as it should be, life seems to be
unethical, and it is entertainment must be continuous, to en-
joy.

The train, the streets, the houses, the people, the things
flowing with people who seem to have no further objective beyond
to have their thing, at whatever cost; to crowd they way
to the point where they are conspicuous, the value of the things
of others. This is not written in a spirit of generalization; it is
written as a result of study. Naturally optimistic, whatever happens
I turn to the other side of the question.

When the great heart of the country is called upon to
expand, the response is immediate.
The young boys and girls, too, are every bit as fine
as they ever were; more brave, more intelligent, but at heart,

all over the country, are eager, thousands, and millions of them, to make the most of their lives, and are trying to find themselves in this world, so teeming with opportunities. There is much in the way of temptation and unconventional attitudes to discourage them, and the fault, when we come to think about it, lies not so much with them as with adults. It is they who rent the cheap dance halls, manufacture and sell rouge, powder, and lip sticks, make possible the easy access to liquor at the parties of our young people, and are neglecting to train toward positive, wholesome, worth-while objectives. All these matters of waste, will, in time, adjust themselves. But when we know that our country is paying more for chewing gum in a year than it costs to keep all our public schools open for a year, it is time that sociological conditions were studied by more people, and that definite measures be taken to improve such conditions. It is this type of thing that creeps into verse, under pretense of being humorous, but proving little short of vulgar.

"Two cocktails round a smile,
A grapefruit after grace,
Flowers in an aisle
.....Were your face."

A shallow mind will laugh at nothing, and the moving picture people are taking this into account. They do more harm in a very short time, than can be overcome in a very long time. But if these influences are abroad that tend to deteriorate, there are hundreds that tend also toward mental and spiritual growth. As has been seen these also find their place in our poetry, and it is to the influence of these, that we must look for the future, as well as the present strength, and let the other phases sink into the nothingness from which they came, for there is nothing in them. It is refreshing to

turn at this point to A. E. Houseman, and read;

"We must pass like smoke, or live within the spirit's fire;
For we can no more than smoke unto the flame return
If our thought has changed to dream, our will unto desire,
As smoke we vanish, though the fire may burn.

Lights of infinite pity star the gray dusk of our days;
Surely here is soul; with it we have eternal breath;
In the fire of love we live, or pass by many ways,
By unnumbered days of dream, to death.

Masefield has no use for snobbishness and class distinctions.

He sings, "Not of princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers,
Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap the fat of the yeas,
Rather the scorned, the rejected, the men hemmed in by
the spears. (From Consecration.)

Padraic Colum shows this same tendency of sympathy with the unfortunates---a kindly democratic feeling toward everyone. He has a big, understanding heart; and we are glad that he is one of our living poets who has come across the water, like Yeats, A. E. , Houseman, Lord Dunsany, and others to let us see with our own eyes, and hear with our own ears, the words we have loved from their pens.

An Old Woman of the Roads.

"Och, but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house or bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind, and lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on High,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house---a house of my own,---
Out of the wind's and the rain's way."

Yes, the poetry of to-day does reflect the times, yet many of our best poets admit that they could not have given us their contributions, had they not studied intensively the poets of the past. The hurry, the discontent, the levity, the frivolity, the pathos, the joy, the superficial pleasure, the comic-tragedy, and the tragic comedy are all expressed, but with it all, is the fine

from the world to A. S. Johnson, and 1901.

"We must have life, life, of life within the life;
For we can't go on, we know, with life so long
It's only death that's changed to death, and life so long,
As long as death, though the life is long."

In the life of death, life after the life of death;
Surely there is death; but it is not death, death;
In the life of death, life, or death, or death;
By unbroken life of death, to death.

Death is not to us for death is not death.

In the life of death, life after the life of death;
Surely there is death; but it is not death, death;
In the life of death, life, or death, or death;
By unbroken life of death, to death.

In the life of death, life after the life of death;
Surely there is death; but it is not death, death;
In the life of death, life, or death, or death;
By unbroken life of death, to death.

In the life of death, life after the life of death;

And I am dying to death, and death;
And I am dying to death, and death;
And I am dying to death, and death;
And I am dying to death, and death;

And I am dying to death, and death;
And I am dying to death, and death;
And I am dying to death, and death;
And I am dying to death, and death;

Yes, the death of death, the death of death;
Our death is death, death, death, death;
In the life of death, life after the life of death;
Surely there is death; but it is not death, death;
In the life of death, life, or death, or death;
By unbroken life of death, to death.

thread of superior work, on which rests our hope; the spirit of patriotism and nationalism so longed for by Whitman. A great mixture of the worth while, and the worth-less. Yeats, when visiting our country, said we would produce before long, a great poet. Sometime there will be a reaction from what we are now passing through, and when things get back to normalcy again, more and more of the better things will find their way into our poetry. Longfellow said it took a hundred years to make a poet, and Whitman said he was ready to wait a hundred years for the estimate of his "Leaves." More than one-third of this time has passed, with what result! How gratified he would be!

But it is well that a few conservatives exist as a steadying influence to radicalism. And it is well to remember that group service is still important, instead of placing all the stress on the importance of the individual..Thus, somewhat, may be subordinated the idea abroad of this unlimited freedom. The radicals who have swung the pendulum too far will not be heard from after a while. Whether one wishes it or not, this absolute freedom cannot be indulged in without its hurting more than the individuals themselves. If the world wants rubbish, it sells well, and will be printed by those not too meticulous. Here is where education comes in. We must put before children and youth what is going to be of both immediate and remote value to them, and nothing else. The age is subjective, and the versifiers are the same. The age "flits"---so does the verse! Extremes exist.

Bliss Carmen is one of those poets who in condensed form suggests so much beauty, that we should read him and acquaint our young people with him. He tends toward the best. In general truth and untruth are so mixed under the name of diplomacy that

one must really know people before attempting to judge. Moods are cropping out at every turn, which must be faced.

"I am the lion in his lair,
I am the fear that frightens me;
I am the desert of despair,
And the nights of agony.

Night or day, whate'er befall,
I must walk that desert land,
Until I can dare to call
The lion out to lick my hand."

Offsetting this and poems like Robinson's "Richard Corey" are verses like Bliss Carmen's "Lord of My Heart's Elation."

Lord of my heart's elation,
Spirit of things unseen,
Be Thou my aspiration,
Consuming, and serene.

and the philosophy of Untermeyer, expressed in a nutshell---

"The wind doth wander up and down,
Forever seeking for a crown;
The rose, in stillness on a stem,
Inherits love's own diadem. "

Yeats has expressed exultant joy in his exuberance over the English flowers.

"Violets of the undercliff
Wet with channel spray;
Cowslips from a Devon combe---
Midland furze afire!"

What joy is expressed by Sandburg in his "Monotone!"

The sun on the hills is beautiful,
Or a captured sunset, sea-flung,
Bannered with fire and gold.

God is the power by which we set our own standards, and I believe we can find Him in just such pictures as these. We feel that He does so much for us, that we can do so little for Him!

"Though it is vain,
(All things are Thine)
Take from my shrine
This drop of rain."

The tall sky-scrappers going up in our cities means a step forward; the reaching out experimentally in the field of poetry is a step in advance---out of it all much progress is bound to take place, and much good become effective. Jazz, so-called music, on the other hand, is cheap stuff, leading to no good ends. It is short-lived, as will be most of the verse of to-day, for hundreds of the verses printed, do not conform to what is conceded to be the greatest approach to poetry. Poetry, like friends, has in it the enduring quality, if it has stood the test of the centuries, whatever the radicalists say. Were this not so, it would ceased to have any reading public now, or place in our schools.

The "Impressionist", and the "Cubist", pictures cannot last; real art in painting, like real art in literature must have a message, a lasting, universal message, or it will flicker out, like a candle.

What about the funny, really ridiculous faces---egg-shaped--of the cubist art---have they any semblance of spirituality in their message? The ridiculous and superficial in the new poetry is analagous to the cubist and impressionistic in art, and the Jazz in music? If the sky-scrappers are not artistic, at least they have the merit of being useful, and usefulness is not only the room rent that people must pay for living in this world, but it should apply as well to space for material things. The poem that does not apply to any of the values of life will be short-lived. God's world is beautiful, and happiness, if had at all, must come through the day-to-day quest, rather than through some far-off divine event. The lyrist finds no difficulty in letting us share in the joy she finds in "God's World" as she chooses to

call these lines.

"O World, I cannot hold Thee close enough!
 Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
 Thy mists that roll and rise!
 Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
 And all but cry with color! Thy guant crag
 To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!(etc.)

.....

Lord, I do fear
 Thou mad'st the world too beautiful this year;
 My soul is all but out of me,---let fall
 No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call."

Marguerite Wilkinson's "Mountain Lilac of California" is a series of rapturous pictures, but shows more poise, and is more restful in its ardor.

Upon the hills,
 Upon the little foot-hills,
 Out there beyond the pungent sage of the mesa,
 A film of blue has shadowed the soft green
 That followed the rains of spring. (etc.)

.....

"The golden sun pitched camp upon the hills,
 After the long, grey rains had washed them clean."

=====

The spirit of the times suggests as much comic tragedy as we enjoy in Malvolio with his yellow garters. To see people going mad over trifles is to say the least pathetic. Think of discussing the "Mauve" wounds of Christ, just to try the new thing to make an impression. "A light tan cow in a pale green field", is a new approach to the beauty of color scheme, yet our poet says, "That is very beautiful---beautiful indeed!" And as we stop to think it over---isn't beautiful?

Pathos and sympathy are at their height in the war poems. John Mc Crae made his fame through a single poem--- "Flanders Field." Others which might have been mentioned in

connection with the war poems are ; "The Spires of Oxford", by Winifred Letts, "Forms Four", by Frank Sidgewick, "The Day's March", by Robert Nichol, and "The Assault", by the same author.

Sara Teasedale, in her little love lyrics, is quite as frank as was Whitman in dealing with all things physical, and the critics are not as savage with the writers who have followed in his train. She believes that the worst of all immoralities, artistically, is to say in a lyric, what has not been felt in the heart. Her lyrics are teeming with unrestrained passion. Some of them, however, are most suggestively strong and delicate, as, for instance, the lines,

"I would live in your love as the sea grasses live in the sea,
Borne up by each wave as it passes, drawn down by each
wave that receded."

Richard Aldington's lyric "After Two Years" is exquisite.

"It is God's will
That I shall love her still
As He loves Mary;
And night and day,
I will go forth to pray
That she loves me."

The matter of love and religion cannot be really separated. Much that passes in the world for love is the very farthest from it, but in the poems of love sanctioned by a higher power is always the touch of Divine Love as well as human love.

Alice Meynell and Louis Untermeyer, among others have given us very beautiful pictures of mother love. The latter says;

Oh, what cleansings and what fears,
What countless raisings from the dead,
Ere I could see her, touched with tears,
Pillow the little weary head.

connection with the war zone and "The Soldier of Destiny",
by Richard Lyster, "The Soldier of Destiny", by Richard Lyster,
"The Soldier of Destiny", by Richard Lyster, "The Soldier of Destiny",
by Richard Lyster, "The Soldier of Destiny", by Richard Lyster,

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The matter of love and the relation of love to the world is the very
thing that makes the world for love is the very thing that
makes it, but the matter of love is not the matter of love
is always the matter of love as well as human love.

Richard Lyster, "The Soldier of Destiny", by Richard Lyster,
"The Soldier of Destiny", by Richard Lyster, "The Soldier of Destiny",
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It required spiritual bravery for Sara Teasedale to write,

"And when you bring your lips to mine,
My spirit trembles and escapes", (etc.)

Were Whitman living to-day, he would see that modern poetry had been born, and was articulating itself in all sort of forms. In his day one could not have found a so-called poem beginning,

"Said the farmer to his daughter, "When I die, as like as not,
I shall leave to you the title of the old three-cornered lot"

Even the way it starts is essentially moder, though it is written in the revived style of the couplet form. There has been a reaction against Tennyson, shown in part by the return to the seventeenth century of Pope and Dryden. The three-cornered lot, walled away, and unenjoyed by anyone, is finally used, and the stone taken from the wall is converted into a house, all the loveliness of the open land being a beauty spot now for the many who are eager to feed their souls on its beauty as they pass. This little poem by Robert Frost, written as he knows how to do just this thing, is delightful. If we compare it with Tennyson's "Palace of Art", we have the same life lessons, the same themes exactly, but how differently expressed; the inability to enjoy beauty alone, and the amount of beauty everywhere to be enjoyed,.

But to make the difference even more striking, take the following, of Browning, from Paracelsus, written in free verse, sometimes employed then. It is finished, beautiful, and an expression of the real method in education set forth as far back as Pestalozzi.

It is a very different thing to say that the

"And then you have your little bit of
by which it is called 'the' (etc.)"

When I have been living for some time in the country

has been born, and the artistic life is all right of course.

In this way one could not have found a so-called new painting.

"Said the painter to his painter, 'When I die, as I live no more
I shall leave to you the title of the old three-colored life'

Even the way it is written is essentially correct, though it is written

in the revised style of the colored life. There has been a re-

vision of the colored life, shown in part by the return to the green-

tailed content of the colored life. The three-colored life.

walled away, and unexplored by anyone, is the only new, and the actual

taken from the wall is converted into a house, and the landscape

of the open land being a heavy foot for the heavy who are green

to find their souls in the heart of the life. This little book

by Robert Frost, written as he knows how to do this little

is beautiful. It is compared to the colored life 'The life of art'

we have the same life in nature, the same nature around, and the

different expression; the inability to enjoy nature alone, and

the amount of beauty everywhere to be enjoyed.

But to make the difference even more artistic, take the
collection of Browning, from the collection, written in the year
education employed. It is finished, beautiful, and so on
creation of the real nature in nature, and with it the
as the forest.

"Truth is within ourselves,
 It takes no rise from outward things
 Whate'er you may believe.
 There is an inmost centre in us all
 Where truth abides in fulness,
 And round, wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in.
 This perfect, clear perception, which is truth,
 A baffling, and perverting carnal mesh binds it
 And makes all error,
 And to know, consists rather in opening out a way
 Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape,
 Rather than in effecting entry for a light
 Supposed, to be without."

A similar view is expressed in the following, but how differently!

"I raise a voice for far superber themes for poets and for art,
 To exalt the present and the real;
 To teach the average man the glory of his daily walk and trade;
 To sing in songs how exercise and chemical life are never
 to be baffled,
 To manual work for all and each: to plough, hoe, dig,
 To plant, and tend the tree, berry, vegetable, flowers:
 For every man to see to it that he really do something."

In another place Whitman says;

"Of life, immense in passion, pulse, and power,
 Cheerful, for freest action formed under the laws divine,"
 The modern man I sing."

When I read the book, the biography famous,
 And is this, then, (said I), what the author calls a man's
 life?
 And so will someone when I am dead and gone write my life?
 (As if any man really knew aught of my life,
 Why even I myself I often think know little or nothing
 of my real life.
 Only a few hints, a few clues and indirections,
 I seek for my own use to trace out here.)

This polyphonic verse Amy Lowell loved to use, and has done so very effectively. She is an artist in her choice of words.

"The poet rushes into the street, and the rain wraps him in a sheet of silver. But it is threaded with gold, and threaded with scarlet beads. The city burns. Quivering, spearing, thrusting, lapping, streaming, runs the flames. Over roofs, over walls and shops, and stalls. Smearing its gold on the sky, the fire dances, lances itself through the doors, and lisps and chuckles along the floors."

From The Bombardment.

It is easy to see why Miss Lowell is classed as one of the most typical of the imagists. Although the picture is vivid, each word has been so evidently studied that it takes away the charm. Its correctness impresses one, but I like the spontaneity that does not exist here. The long cadences, and the organic rhythm is pronounced.

Rabindranath Tagore, in "Fruit Gathering", has pictured in prose poem form a beautiful lyric.

"In the hushed shade of the mango grove, beyond the city wall, Sudas stood before Lord Buddha, on whose lips sat the silence of love, and whose eyes beamed peace like the morning star, of the dew-washed autumn."

=====

That children as well as adults are not only writing verse, but are reading it, everywhere, is evident from the demand for it in the children's rooms of our libraries, and the frequency with which the books have to be re-bound. Our librarian in Boston tells me that the foreign children read it even much more than the American children. In their own countries the very atmosphere is poetic. In Italy and in England flowers are loved and treasured by all classes, more than in America. One has only to travel here and in France to know that this is true, and the little people, rich and poor, imbibe this poetic atmosphere.

Is it not natural that children like to see what other children can do, and when Nathalia Crane opens the eye to beauty she is doing her part for all of us.

"A flower flamed---a parrot screamed.
Night spread her peacock tail,
And Beauty tripped the platform
Of that lilac-tinted vale."

It is easy to see that the latter is placed at the end of the book
because of the language. Although the style is simple, such
words have been so carefully chosen that it seems only the author
has written the language, but I like the simplicity that
does not exist here. The form is simple, and the language is
pronounced.

Belmont's theory, in "The Bookman", has pointed out some
pages from a beautiful style.
"In the English style of the early years, beyond the
city wall, there stood before the Duke, on whose side the
ribbons of time, and whose eyes looked like the morning star,
of the God-warden estate."

and the bookman's style is the same

That English style is well as simple as the early style, but
but the English style is simple, as simple as the early style,
in the English style of the early years, and the language is
which the bookman has to be found. One style is found in the
we find the English style that it is much more than the early-
low English. In the early style the very language is
simple. It is simple and in English style the language is
by all means, and the style is simple. One style is found in the
and in English is found that the style is simple, and the style is
rich and good, and the style is simple.

It is not unusual that the style is simple and the style is
English style, and the style is simple and the style is simple
and is found in the style of the early years.

"A simple style is a simple style,
and the style is simple and the style is simple,
of that simple style."

"It was the first performance,
And the moon a spotlight threw,
Each rosebud was a nocturne,
Clad in nothing more than dew.

Fate rules he may not turn to gaze
For e'en the briefest span,
When'er he spreads in green and gold
His very famous fan."

What is suggested in the following!

He showed me like a master,
That one rose makes a gown:
That looking up to heaven
Is merely looking down.

Here is surely an ear for rhythm, and an eye for color as well as an understanding almost inconceivable otherwise, in a ten-year-old child. The verses are taken from "The Janitor Boy".

Nathalia's verses, unlike Hilda Conkling's are all in rhymed verse. Most children would be tempted to hold to the lilt and the more pronounced rhythm. Grown people whom Whitman wanted to read, the masses, could have been reached, some of his critics say, more than they have been, had he, instead of writing in conversational style beyond their ability to comprehend, held to the marked of the rhymed verse---for these people are very like children in their understanding, and the swing of the lines, while appealing to all of us, is especially necessary for them. It is people like the so-called "Tramp Poets", who know how to meet the people----- Robert Frost, and William H. Davis. He is "Nature's Friend."

Say what you like,
All things love me!
I pick no flowers---
That wins the bee.

The horse can tell,
Straight from my lip,
My hand could not
Hold any whip.

"It was the first winter
And the moon was bright
Each morning was a morning
Glad in morning with the sun."

That place he did not know
For on the island
Where he was in the sun and gold
The very same day."

What is suggested in the following?

He showed us like a master
That one rose under a tree
That looked us to heaven
In nearly looking down.

There is surely an art for writing, and an eye for color as well as
an understanding about perspective. In a ten-year-old
child, the sense and taste for "The Artist Boy".
Katharine's sense, which Miss Gordon's is all in rhythm sense.
Now children would be taught to look at the life and the words
in a poem. Great people who wish to read, the
poet, could have been reached, some of his little boy, more
than that. But then, how he, instead of writing in conventional
style, beyond their ability to comprehend, said to the reader of
the typical school--for these people are very like children in their
understanding, and the sense of the lines, while appealing to all
of us, is a beautiful necessity for them. It is people like the
so-called "Tennyson poets", who know how to read the people-----
Robert Frost, and Miss A. Davis, the "Hawthorne's friend."

But what you like,
All this is love and
I like no flowers--
That mine the best.

The house was full,
The light was of the
No more could be
And my wife.

Say what you like,
 All things love me,
 Horse, cow, and mouse!
 Bird, moth, and Bee!

This is a lovely lyric, and fulfills Drinkwater's thought in his definition of the poetry that will live---it has in it the heart of the child and the heart of the man. The enthusiasm and anticipation makes an immediate appeal.

A study of the well-known "Daffodils" by Wordsworth, and the more modern "Daffodils" by Gibson, is interesting at this point.

Even though I had not made a special study of the "Tendencies", the marked change is very evident. The freedom---of our modern verse is transparent.

POSSIBILITY OF SURVIVAL OF THE PRESENT-DAY POETRY.

Much of the poetry now being written is of a high order, and is bound to survive, because its teachings will be needed as long as man lives on this earth, and the form is made so attractive that people will approach it, who in the past, failed to understand how to read poetry. Such a volume as that of John Robinson Jeffers, depicting in a most remarkable way many of the beautiful pictures of California, is one of the very best, and Jeffers is a man of whom we may well be proud. And from over the ocean, has recently come into the lime-light, a man by the name of Humbert Wolfe, an Englishman, the charm and delicacy of whose work is alluring. Beauty is Beauty and Truth is Truth, and when we find a man or woman who can show them to us as have these two men, we have discovered real music. I am frankly amazed and happy to find that we have such work and so much of it! One of the loveliest bits I have come across at all is a short lullaby, by the Irish poet, Francis Carlin. Read it aloud,

times in order to get the subtle delicacy , and charm. Mr. Carlin calls it "The Virgin's Slumber Song." Two of its verses will show its character.

(Hush-a-hoo
Blowing of pine;
Hush-a-hoo
Lowing of kine;
Hush-a-hoo,
Though even in sleep,
His ear can hear
The shamrock's creep)

(Hush-a-hoo
Oceans of earth;
Hush-a-hoo
Motions of mirth;
Hush-a-hoo,
Though over all
His ear can hear
The planets fall.)

I know of no more lovelier cradle song, and the only one that I have read that can be compared with it in the new poetry, is that by Padraic Colum, another of the Irish poets.

In general, the trend toward growth, is real and general; there is a hopeful underlying current of SINCERITY, without which nothing worth while can possibly last. While it is admittedly true, that a great deal offered us in the name of poetry is superficial, and not worthy of the name, why turn our backs on the whole situation? We shall throw away much that is valuable, if we refuse to seek for that which we really, as a people, want, and unless we are willing to give some time and attention to the matter, we cannot expect to have the new writers feel that we are sympathetic and interested in their efforts. I believe we owe it to them to take them seriously, and intelligently help to promote the best in the movement of to-day in order to help those who will be writing to-morrow.

HOW ARE THE POETS OF TO-DAY LIABLE TO INFLUENCE

THE POETS OF TO-MORROW?

If poets of to-morrow are wise, they will receive inspiration and suggestions from such work as is now being produced by the best poets, and will hail with gladness the spirit of democracy and fellowship. They will take from us what is worthy of being passed on, and, will reject, we hope, the rest. If they do not, TIME eventually will.

Poets of to-morrow will doubtless hail the freedom already established in verse structure. They will doubtless, hail its brevity; let us hope they will continue to work with, and pass on, the SONNET, that little, but much-loved, mosaic form, which lends itself readily to so many themes. Masfield and William Ellery Leonard's names will be blessed here.

They will doubtless be thankful for the reversion, to, and emphasis on, NATURE, and for the expression of the almost universal love of animals. They may thank us for spontaneity, frankness, a reaching out toward TRUTH, and abolishing of preaching and dogma. Our advance in science will find its way into their verse, as well as our own. They will be given an almost new basis on which to work, prepared for them----the pioneering stage will be well over. Great things will be expected from them, and possibly a fine national anthem, the nearest approach to which we now have being "America the Beautiful," will appear. From the present experimental stage may be developed a firmer foundation. Radicals are not popular, and it is doubtful if they ever will be. It may be noted here that Edgar Guest, who is read perhaps, as much as any of the present-day writers, holds to the rhymed form, doubtless for reasons before stated in this paper.

HOW ARE THE POETS OF TO-DAY LIABLE TO INFLUENCES?

THE POETS OF TO-MORROW?

If poets of to-morrow are wise, they will receive in-

struction and suggestion from such as is now being pro-

duced by the best poets, not with blind adherence to the point of

doctrine and following. They will learn from the best in writing

of being to men of the world, with respect, we mean, the poet. It may

be that, time eventually will.

Poets of to-morrow will doubtless have the freedom

already established in various directions. The will doubtless, but

its development in some that will continue to work with, and none

on, the world, that little, and much more, which is true, which

is not likely to be so very small. Doubtless and still

many poets' hands will be blessed with.

They will doubtless be thankful for the revelation of,

and perhaps of, nature, and for the expression of the latest univer-

sal love of nature. They may learn to be spontaneously, instinctively,

a teaching and toward truth, and something of theosophy and logic.

Our science is science still, and the way to this world, as well

as our own. They will be given an almost new basis of which to work,

grounded for the future. The scientific spirit will be well over. Great

things will be expected from them, and possibly a time national in-

crease, the greatest approach to which we now have. "Against the

East, the West, the East, the West, the East, the West, the East, the West,

the East, the West, the East, the West, the East, the West, the East, the West,

the East, the West, the East, the West, the East, the West, the East, the West,

the East, the West, the East, the West, the East, the West, the East, the West,

the East, the West, the East, the West, the East, the West, the East, the West,

We should regard the poetry of to-day with its possibilities for to-morrow, as a channel among many others, for educating the minds and souls of our boys and girls, and as a very important channel. President Marsh has told us what EDUCATION should do for us, and POETRY, taken in small doses, reflected upon, and rightly absorbed through individual tastes and needs, will help to bring about undreamed of things! It uses its subtle influence towards forming judgments in our daily life. Dr. Marsh says:

"EDUCATION...should strengthen a man's faith in God; make keener his appreciation of spiritual realities; furnish him with a just conception of human life, its needs, possibilities, and obligations; deepen the distinction between right and wrong, and strengthen those truths which surround right with the most impressive sanctions."

" President Coolidge says that what we need is INTELLIGENCE, COURAGE, FIDELITY, and CHARACTER," and we all know that educators everywhere in the world to-day are making CHARACTER the main objective in education.

It is men like these who are influencing mankind, and these men like POETRY. No one could hear our Boston University president give many addresses, without realizing his admiration for James Whitcomb Riley, and that the time he has spent with this poet has been a source of real help to him in his daily attitudes towards life's values.

"Go to the poet!" All that we may hope to be or to become is to be found in worth-while poetry.

THE JOY AND VALUE OF POETRY TO THE UNDERSTANDING MIND.

To confess that one does not like poetry may be to confess that one is not "In Tune With The Infinite." It means that something latent in each one of us has been left undeveloped; that a natural source of joy and inspiration and strength has been unnecessarily cut off---unutilized.

Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar", written on a scrap of paper at the last, when he was so weak that he could scarcely hold the pen, is a direct revelation of what a long life, in touch with the choicest and best, had meant to him,...and may mean to us. No amount of keenness, earnestness, or even brilliancy of intellect, can, without the help of the teachings of the poets, allay, "Those obstinate questionings of sense and outward things", which sooner or later confront us. In addition to knowledge, which is but an accumulation of actual facts and theories, properly correlated, and pigeon-holed, the poets will help us to cultivate serenity, faith, and wisdom.

We can get much help from the biographies of great men; from the histories of nations; the long and short essay each has its special message of entertainment and instruction, but "Song" brings with it music not found in other types of literature.

God's and Nature's greatest works are poems. If one has stood upon the Rhone Glacier, or on a hot July day gazed at the indescribable Alpine glow, or seen Vesuvius smoking his pipe, or visited Versailles when all the fountains were playing, or taken the elevator through the great rock to the galleries which look down on the roaring Traumelbach Falls, or gone over The Trossachs or through "Beautiful Devon", his soul will be full of poetry not found on the printed page. Two of the greatest poems I have ever experienced are the Parthenon seen on a brilliantly sunny morning, and a wonderful moonlight evening. These poems remain with one always.

To maintain this we have had to make every effort to make

that the "Journal" is the best of its kind.

It is in each one of us that we find the source of our

source of joy and inspiration and inspiration has been

our all--encompassing.

It is the "Journal" that has been written on a page of

at the last, when it was written that the world was

in a state of confusion of what a long time, in which the

and best, but not to be... and we have to be of

and, unfortunately, we have to be of the world, and

help of the world, and the world, and the world, and

help of the world, and the world, and the world, and

in which to be... which is not a small matter of

and the world, and the world, and the world, and

help us to be... and the world, and the world.

we can only hope that the world is not

from the world, and the world, and the world, and

and the world, and the world, and the world, and

with it, and it is not to be... and the world.

God's love is the greatest love of all. It is

used upon the world, and the world, and the world, and

the world, and the world, and the world, and the world, and

the world, and the world, and the world, and the world, and

through the great love of the world, and the world, and

the world, and the world, and the world, and the world, and

the world, and the world, and the world, and the world, and

the world, and the world, and the world, and the world, and

the world, and the world, and the world, and the world, and

the world, and the world, and the world, and the world, and

the world, and the world, and the world, and the world, and

Some of the greatest poetry we have is written as a result of passing through deep experiences that have burned themselves into the soul, and life moves on only by the relief found in articulating these experiences. Other lives, similarly in need, but without the gift of such expression respond to the artist's work, and are helped by him, and are grateful to him. Of how many a person walking along the streets of Boston, or any other large city might it be said,

"His walk is benediction,
His lifted hat, a formal grace,
Why need we understand
The crucifixion in his face.!"

Poetry should never be forced on anyone. It should be given as a précieux gift. Back of its varying expressions is the deep religious and sustaining quality which makes it live. Matthew Arnold says in one of his choicest and best;

"I am as satisfied as the flowers that drink dew."

It is this spirit of optimism that we all want---must have---if life is to be worth while. Those poets will live who can teach us to say with the greatest of optimists, Robert Browning,

"God's in His heaven---all's well with the world."

some of the greatest poetry we have is written on a scroll
of parchment through their hands, and the words are written in
the sun, and the words are only by the spirit that is within
these experiences. Other lives, similarly in need, but without the
gift of such attention regard to the artist's work, and are buried
by him, and are buried to him. Of how many a genius waiting along
the streets of London, or any other large city, what is the result,

"This will be remembered,
The living, a living name,
You must be understood
The recognition in his work."

poetry should never be forced on anyone. It should be
as a pleasure first. One of the greatest experiences in the last
century and the quality which makes it live. It is the quality
that is one of the greatest and best.

"I am as satisfied as the finest that this was."
It is the spirit of optimism that we all have--and it is
to be with him. These words will live and be read as to say
with the greatest of optimism, Robert Frost.
"God is in the heaven--all's well with the world."

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

Briefly stated the book is a study of the

history of the world from the

beginning of time to the present day, and is a study of the world as it is, and of the world as it should be.

A wide range of subjects is covered, including the history of the world, the history of the world as it is, and the history of the world as it should be.

In summary, the book is a study of the world from the beginning of time to the present day, and is a study of the world as it is, and of the world as it should be.

Chapter 1V

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

There is a tendency to believe that the world is a place of chaos and confusion, and that the only way to escape this is to turn to religion.

The teaching of religion is that the world is a place of chaos and confusion, and that the only way to escape this is to turn to religion.

Religion is not a solution to the world's problems, but it is a source of comfort and solace to those who are suffering.

There is a tendency to believe that the world is a place of chaos and confusion, and that the only way to escape this is to turn to religion.

The world is a place of chaos and confusion, and the only way to escape this is to turn to religion.

There is a tendency to believe that the world is a place of chaos and confusion, and that the only way to escape this is to turn to religion.

A study of the world from the beginning of time to the present day, and is a study of the world as it is, and of the world as it should be.

VI. 1940

REMARKS AND CONCLUSIONS

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION.

Briefly stated the tendencies I have discovered in the new poetry are:

A reversion in large measure to the free verse of the time of Walt Whitman, and the period immediately following, but a holding also to the rhymed verse, especially with the English poets.

A wide range of experimental verse, testing various techniques to best produce thought content, this and personality being the outstanding elements in the poetry of to-day, much of which is written by the sub-conscious mind, and is highly subjective---that of Yeats, for instance.

An enormous increase in the production of verse, not only written by adults, but read and written by children, youth in our high schools, and young men and women in our colleges, who encourage this in their classes, and have the stimulus and encouragement of able professors, who themselves by example as well as by precept, are promoting the cause of poetry, and have given the world some most excellent food for thought.

The sonnet is being retained, and much emphasis being placed on the sonnet-sequence.

There is noticeable a holding fast to the elemental subjects, and adding to them such subjects as the advance in science, and the post-war conditions would naturally suggest.

The teaching of religion is positive, but rather by suggestion than didactic methods as formerly. Dogma has disappeared, but the diligent search for truth goes on.

Humor is not an outstanding feature: but is not noticeable by its absence. We are still in the shadow of a great war, and most of the humorous poetry is found in that written for or by children, to whom the war is a matter of history.

There is a reversion to the couplet of Pope and Dryden of the seventeenth century, and an apparently intentional ignoring of the Victorian age, skipping it as unimportant for to-day's needs.

The love of Nature, and of bird and animal life is pronounced.

There is a tendency to exalt the physical, and to deal with the metaphysical.

A spirit of fellowship toward the world in general, and an abundance of pathos and tenderness and sympathy is apparent. A tendency towards true democracy---a levelling process tending to make toward fewer class distinctions, and racial distinctions, and an increased spirit of patriotism and nationalism, to which is added a true desire for international friendship.

Sex is emphasized more than formerly, due to the chaotic war conditions.

The falsities and idiosyncrasies of the past are shown in most illuminating fashion, and the formal "Thee" and "Thou", which so detract from spontaneity are being abandoned, but the splendid, basic traditions have been acknowledged, and poets admit that they could not be giving us the present poetry had they not studied diligently the poetry of the past.

The retention of the quatrain and the six-line stanza is noticeable, and the polyphonic, conversational style, is much used. There is a strong tendency to drop all formal words, and all trite sayings, reverting to simple and direct language. Best of all tendencies, through the instrumentality of this simple language, there is every evidence of a reaching out to the beautiful in all its forms.

Such I find to be the

CONTEMPORARY TENDENCIES IN POETRY.

See the Appendix, page 100, for the results of the

analysis.

The following table shows the results of the analysis of the data for the year 1950. The table is divided into two main sections: the first section shows the results of the analysis of the data for the year 1950, and the second section shows the results of the analysis of the data for the year 1951. The results of the analysis of the data for the year 1950 are shown in the table below.

The results of the analysis of the data for the year 1951 are shown in the table below. The table is divided into two main sections: the first section shows the results of the analysis of the data for the year 1951, and the second section shows the results of the analysis of the data for the year 1952. The results of the analysis of the data for the year 1951 are shown in the table below.

See the Appendix, page 100, for the results of the

ANALYSIS OF THE DATA FOR THE YEAR 1950

ANTHOLOGIES===SPECIAL POETS===CRITICAL DATA.

SECRET

ANTHROPOLOGICAL DATA--SPECIAL REPORT--

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| 3-A Book of Eng. Literature | Snyder & Martin | MacMillan | 1927 |
| 4-A Little Shropshire Lad | A. E. Houseman | H. Holt | 1922 |
| 5-Autobiography-Reveries etc. | W. B. Yeats | MacMillan | 1926 |
| 6-Anthology of Magazine Verse | S. Braithwaite | J. Brimmer | 1927 |
| 7-Anthology of Modern Verse | A. Methuen | Methuen | 1926 |
| 8-A Treasury of War Poetry | G. H. Clarke | H. Mifflin | 1919 |
| 9-At the Roots of Grasses | Muriel Strode | Moffat, Yard | 1923 |
| 10-American Poetry Since 1900 | L. Untermeyer | H. Holt | 1927 |
| 11-Californians | J. R. Jeffers | MacMillan | 1916 |
| 12-Come Hither | Walter de la Mare | Knopf | 1923 |
| 13-Dawn(High Sch. Anthology) | Paul Nickerson | Ambrose Press | 1925 |
| 14-Humoresque | Humbert Wolfe | H. Holt | 1926 |
| 15-Lava Lane | Nathalia Crane | Seltzer | 1924 |
| 16-Leaves of Grass | Walt Whitman | D. & Page | 1927 |
| 17-Modern American Poets | Conrad Aiken | Knopf | 1919 |
| 18-Modern Verse | H. C. Collins | H. Mifflin | 1925 |
| 19-New Voices | M. Wilkinson | MacMillan | 1927 |
| 20-Notes on Contemporary Verse | C. Aiken | Knopf | 1919 |
| 21-Poems by a Little Girl | H. Conkling | T.A. Stokes | 1920 |
| 22-Poems of To-day | A. C. Cooper | Ginn & Co. | 1925 |
| 23-Poems of Today | Pub. for Eng. A. | Sidgwick & Jackson | 1926 |
| 24-Poetry & Criticism | E. Sitwell | H. Holt | 1926 |
| 25-Recent Poetry | R. L. French | D. C. Heath | 1926 |

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| 26-Singing Youth | M. Mountsier | Harpers | 1927 |
| 27-Tendencies in Modern Am Poetry | A. Lowell | H. Mifflin | 1926 |
| 28-The Box of God | L. Sarett | H. Holt | 1922 |
| 29-The Second Book of Modern Verse | J. Rittenhouse | H. Mifflin | 1919 |
| 30-The New Book of Modern Verse | J. Rittenhouse | H. Mifflin | 1926 |
| 31-The New Poetry | M. P. Parsons | W. H. Wilson | 1922 |
| 32-The New Era in American Poetry | L. Untermeyer | H. Holt | 1919 |
| 33-The New Spirit in American Poetry | L. Untermeyer | H. Holt (pamphlet) | No date |
| 34-The Janitor's Boy | Nathalia Crane | Seltzer | 1924 |
| 35-The Life of Walt Whitman (Pioneer of Movement) | M. Buck | McKay | 1883 |
| 36-Two Lives | Wm. E. Leonard | B. W. Huebsch | 1925 |
| 37-The Ways of Poetry | J. Drinkwater | H. Mifflin | 1922 |
| 38-Walt Whitman-A Study | John Burroughs | H. Mifflin | 1896 |
| 39-What is Poetry? | M. Bodenheim | New Republic | 13:24:12 |
| 40-What is Popular Poetry? | W. B. Yeats | Bullen | 1892 |

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| 1937 | Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-Young Youth |
| 1938 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-Young Youth in Poetry as Poetry |
| 1939 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Boy of the Box |
| 1940 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Second Book of Robert Roberts |
| 1941 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The New Book of Robert Roberts |
| 1942 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The New Poetry |
| 1943 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The New Book in American Poetry |
| 1944 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The New Poetry in American Poetry |
| 1945 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Young's Day |
| 1946 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Life of William (Robert of Robert) |
| 1947 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Life |
| 1948 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Book of Poetry |
| 1949 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Book of Poetry |
| 1950 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Book of Poetry |
| 1951 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Book of Poetry |
| 1952 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Book of Poetry |
| 1953 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Book of Poetry |
| 1954 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Book of Poetry |
| 1955 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Book of Poetry |
| 1956 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Book of Poetry |
| 1957 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Book of Poetry |
| 1958 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Book of Poetry |
| 1959 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Book of Poetry |
| 1960 | W. L. Roberts | W. L. Roberts | 27-The Book of Poetry |

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